

ARTnews

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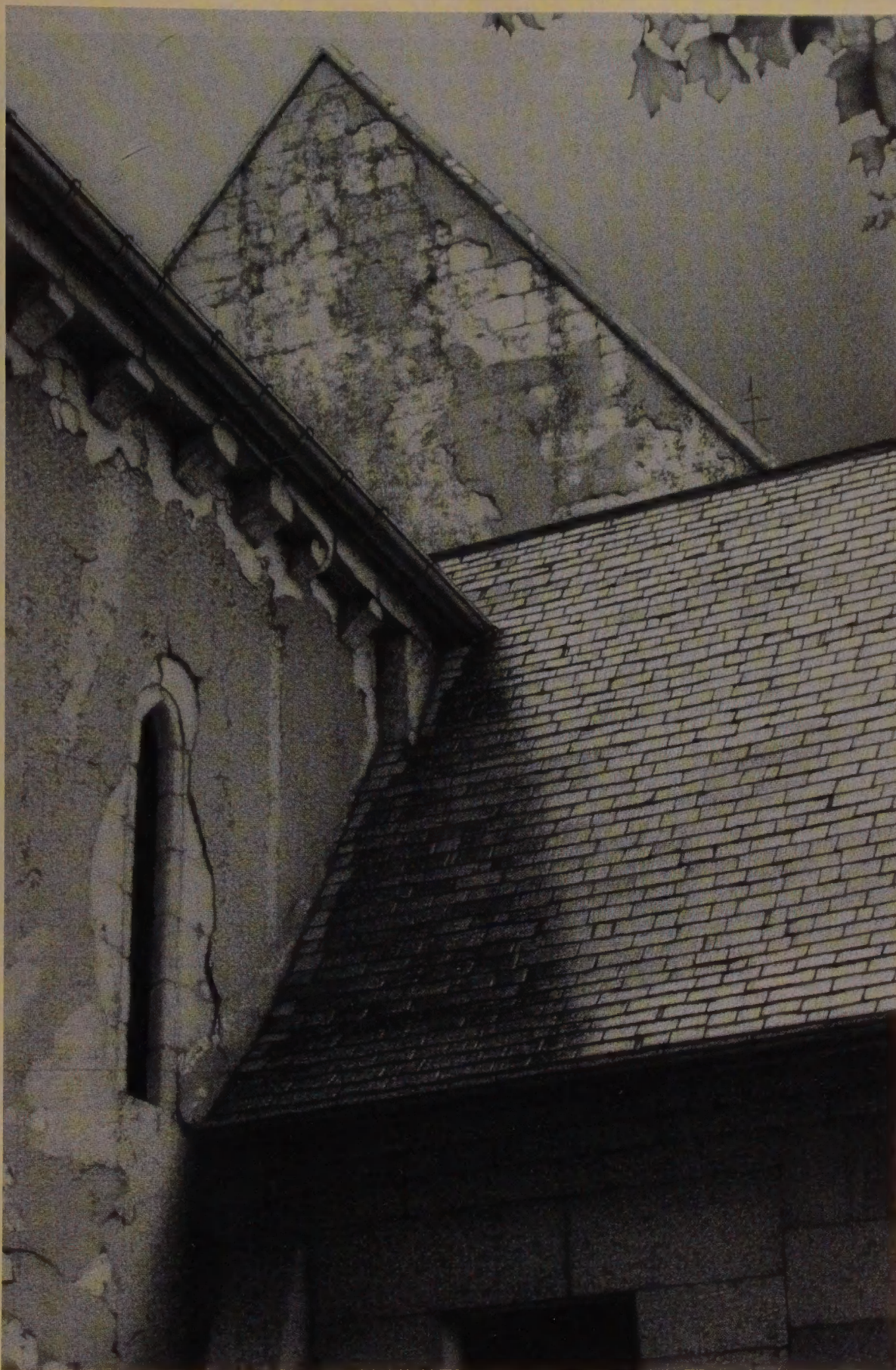
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Gray Sky, Normandy, 2012, charcoal on paper, 15 x 10 inches

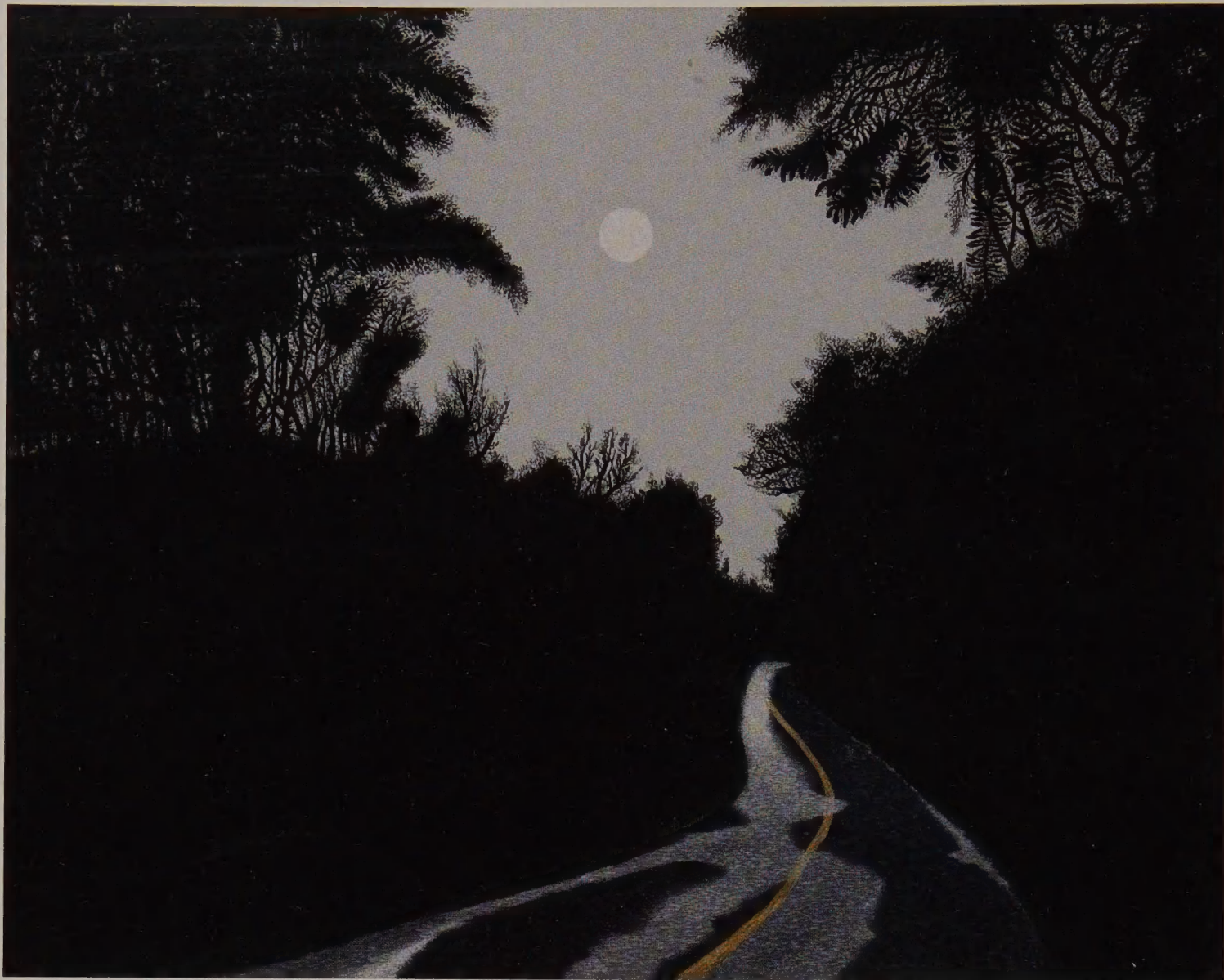
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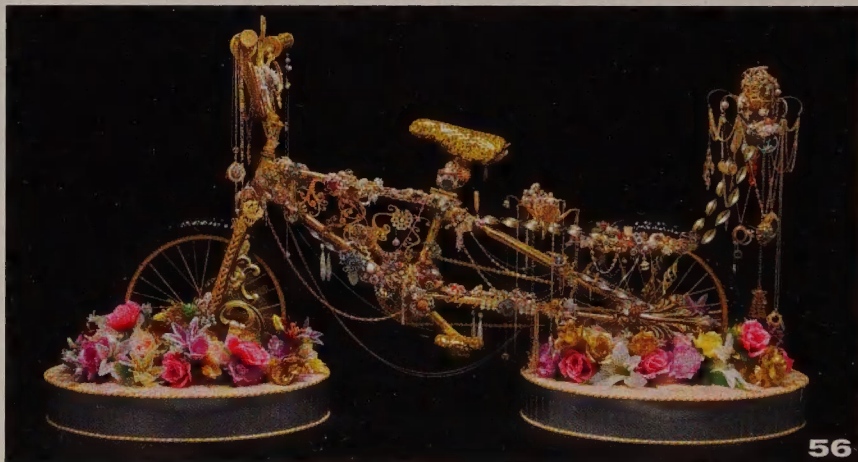
COVER Ushio Shinohara, *Boxing Painting (Wild Turkey in Potsdam Snow Field)*, detail, 2004, acrylic on unstretched canvas, 70" x 297". Photo ©Rob Penner/Courtesy Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art, SUNY New Paltz. Courtesy the artist and Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Beacon, New York. See story, page 70



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A Survey

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Untitled (Ochre and Black), 1973, Acrylic and Charcoal on Upsun Board, 12 x 24 inches



Untitled 1992, Acrylic, Colored Paper and Graphite on Paper, 28 7/8 x 38 1/2 inches
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Norman Bluhm, *Untitled*, 1961

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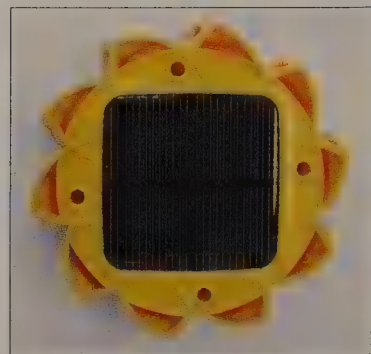
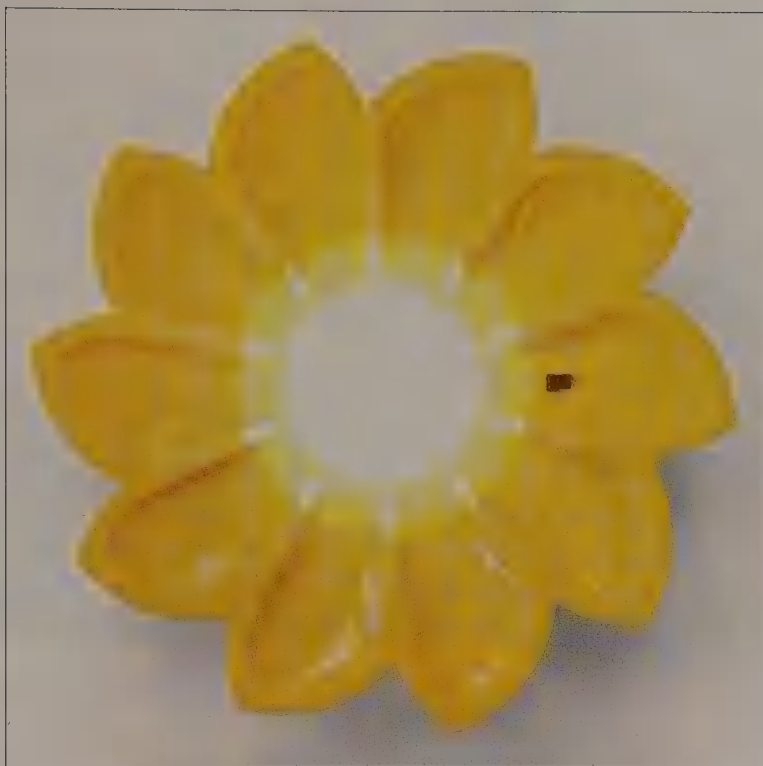
Solar Flair

Stealing what's ours to give to the poor, who also own it, seems to be part of the concept behind **Olafur Eliasson** and **Frederik Ottesen's** light-emitting device *Little Sun*. The material in question is sunlight. But what to do with it, how to use it, and where to put it is the real gift.

Eliasson (the Danish-Icelandic artist who, in 2003, made a very big sun sculpture for Tate Modern's Turbine Hall in London) introduced the portable solar-powered LED lamp at the Venice Architecture Biennale last year. *Little Sun* sells for \$25 at museum shops and online. Proceeds from those purchases enable the lights to be sold for much less in impoverished areas. Across the globe today, some 1.6 billion people have scant access to electricity, and the designers hope to make the lamp available to 50 million of them within ten years.

The art of it all derives from the international group of filmmakers and artists whom Eliasson and Ottesen asked to demonstrate uses for the gadget. Eighteen artists from Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and South America were invited to "collaborate" on 16 short films, available online, about life, light, energy, and *Little Sun*, Eliasson writes in a blog post for Tate Modern, where a *Little Sun* exhibition was held last year.

Film director **Dominga Sotomayor**, from Chile, put the lamp through many tricks in her contribution, *People*, which is at once an installation, a poem, and a mini-movie. *Little Sun* is reflected in a mirror in a garden, illuminates a toilet posed nobly on a



Olafur Eliasson and Frederik Ottesen's solar-powered lamp *Little Sun* (left and above) provides light in places off the electrical grid, such as the outskirts of Addis Ababa, Ethiopia (below). Dancers used *Little Sun* to make light drawings in Eliasson's 2012 video *Your Light Movement* (bottom).

hillside, and sits like an eye on a window frame.

You can stick it on a wall, put it on your breasts, illuminate your vehicles, or plant it in trees, as **Hawa Es-uman** of Kenya does in his video. Or you can use it to perform as a hybrid creature (part man, part animal, part sun-bearer) prowling and dancing in woods and city streets and dank tunnels, joints all aglow, as **Khavn** of the Philippines does in *This is not a film* by Khavn, *Solar Syokoy*.

As for his own motivations, Eliasson writes, "This question of energy access is not just about climate issues, green economy, and so on; it is also a more fundamental question: do we understand that all humans have the same basic desires and needs? We all want to be happy, and we are also fundamentally social beings."

—**Barbara A. MacAdam**



Lost Angeles

For half a dozen years, beginning in 2004, science-fiction fans all over the globe devotedly tuned in to watch a band of air-wreck survivors struggle against supernatural forces on an uncharted Pacific island. With plot lines that ran from time travel to alternate realities, the television program *Lost* generated industrious amounts of Web chatter and explanatory guidebooks. Now it's a point of departure for a display of fine art. Through January 27, the Los Angeles Municipal Gallery is playing host to "LOST (in LA)," an exhibition that rounds up works by more than 40 artists from the United States and France—among them, American conceptual artist **Jim Shaw**, French installationist **Tatiana Trouvé**, and the late **Mike Kelley**.

Curated by **Marc-Olivier Wahler**, the show is a part-

shows they watched most. "The influential show for artists during the 1990s was *Twin Peaks*," he explains, referring to **David Lynch's** noir-camp drama about a murder investigation. And



Philippe Mayaux, *Night City*, 2011–12, tempera on canvas.

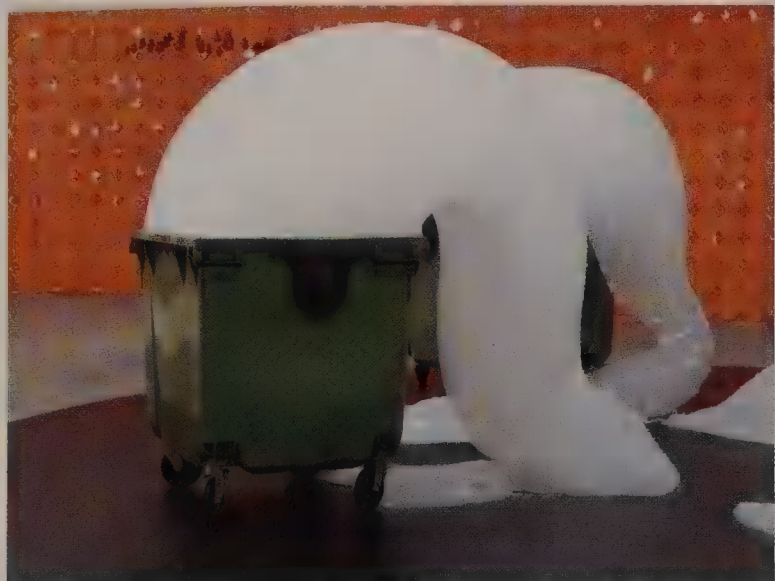
To be sure, the exhibition is not devoted to renderings of fuselages, the Smoke Monster, or other visual staples of the TV program. Instead, it looks into complex ideas related to displacement and loss—concepts that play well in Los Angeles.

"You can really lose people here," says L.A. artist **Marnie Weber**. "Having moved from the punk music scene of the '70s and '80s into the world of fine art, I feel as if I've lost entire groups of people." In the show, Weber has several scarecrow sculptures that pay homage to Southern California's vanishing agricultural landscape, but which also serve as "a token of our fear."

Other artists address similar issues. Shaw made a video that explores the idea of being literally lost in a banyan forest. **Laurent Montaron** is broadcasting long-dead voices into the park area surrounding the gallery, and visitors can tune into the signal on

their car radios. ("A very L.A. experience," Wahler says.) Back inside, **Vincent Lamouroux's** undulating abstract sculpture descends from the ceiling. "It connects the various dots and points," Wahler explains. Though not all of them—after all, the aim of "LOST" is to maintain an unsettling sense of mystery.

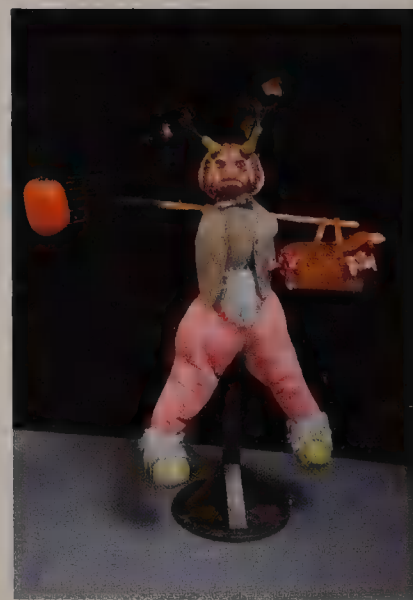
—**Carolina A. Miranda**



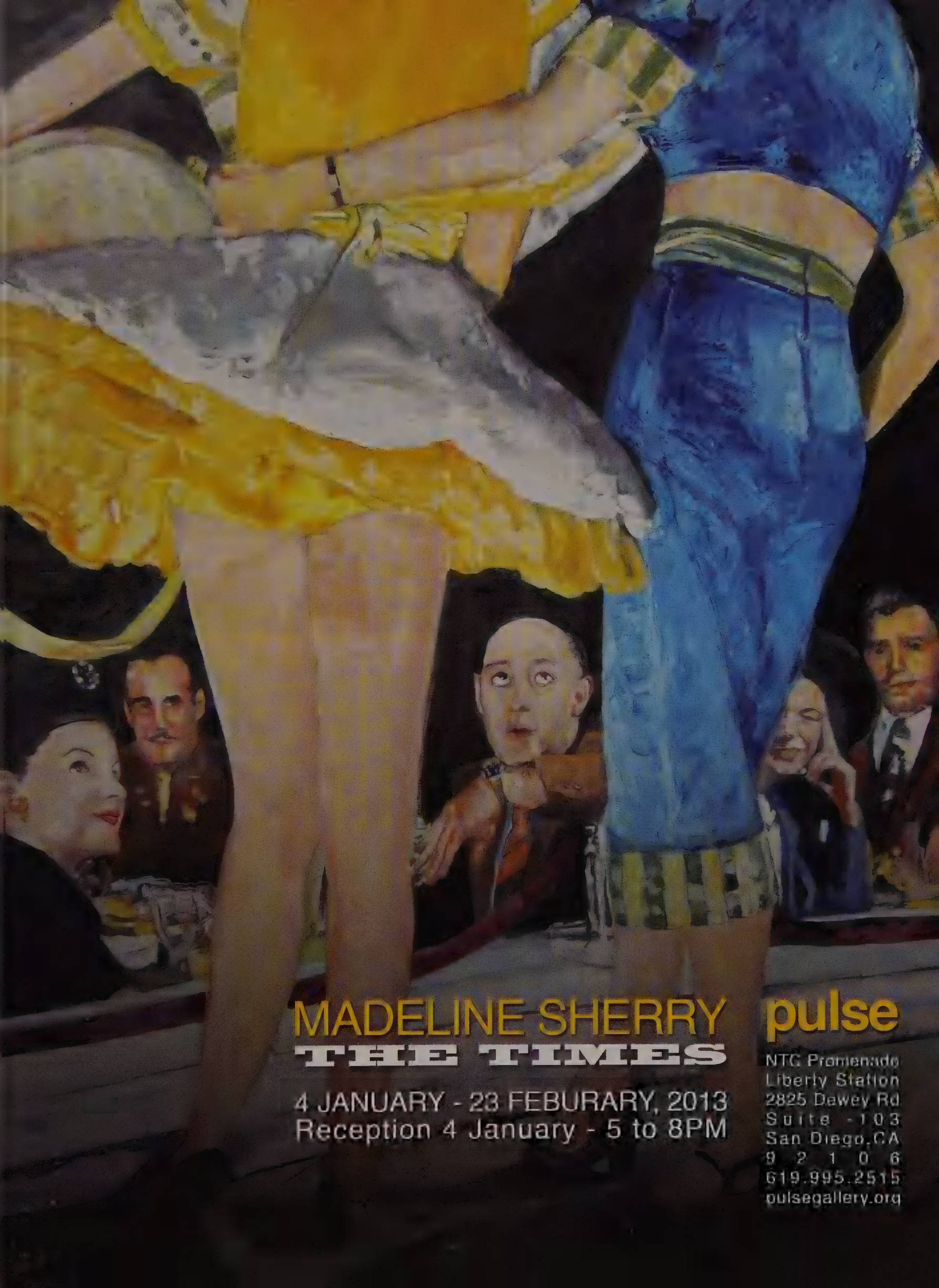
Michel Blazy, *Fontaine de mousse*, 2007, dumpsters, bath foam, pipes, and compressor.

nership between the City of Los Angeles, the France Los Angeles Exchange (FLAX), and the Palais de Tokyo in Paris. Wahler says the idea came to him after talking with artists about the TV

for the new millennium, it was *Lost*. "What came up were these different layers of space and time and how they might connect. So, I thought, why not imagine an exhibition that examines this link?"



Marnie Weber, *Picnic Pig Scarecrow*, 2011, mixed-media sculpture.



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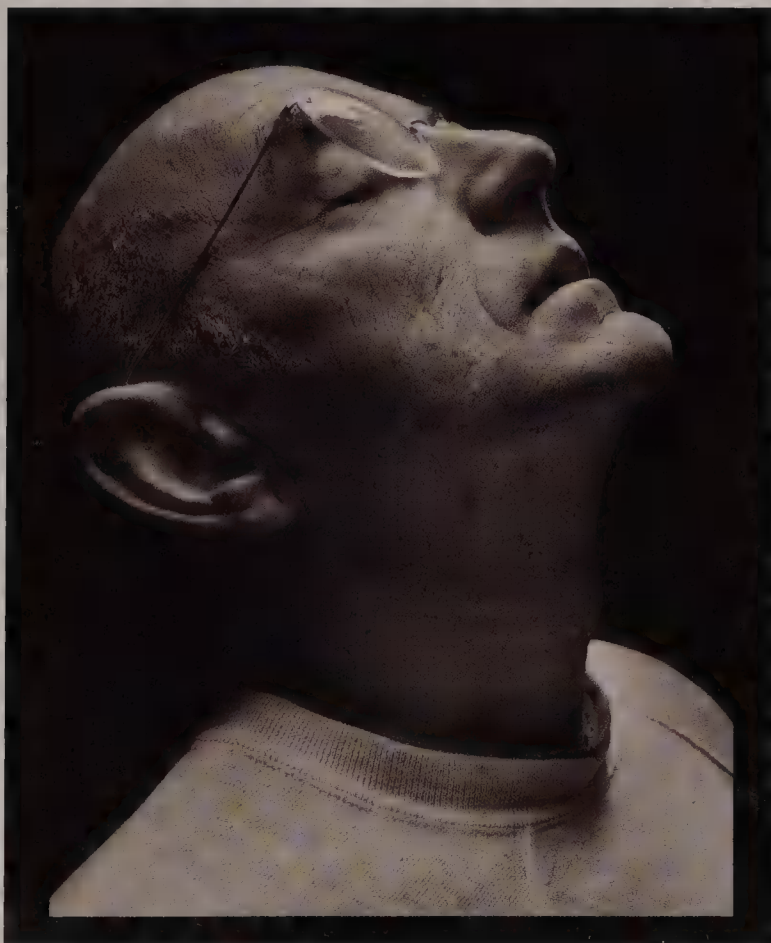
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Shooting His Idols

Cornell Capa. Brassai. Helmut Newton. Alfred Eisenstaedt. Jacques Henri Lartigue. "They were gods to me," says photographer **Michael Somoroff**. When he was only in his early 20s, Somoroff invited these gods—some of the biggest names in photography at the time—to pose for him. "I just phoned these masters up," he writes



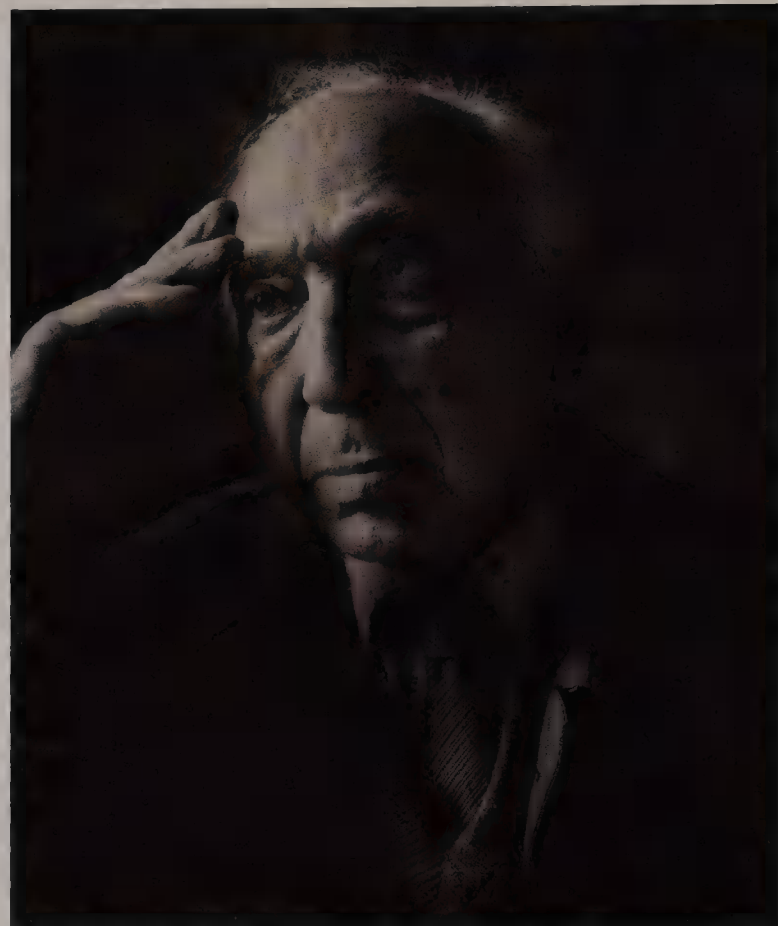
Michael Somoroff's portraits **Arnold Newman**, *New York City*, 1979 (above) and **Duane Michals**, *New York City*, 1980 (below).



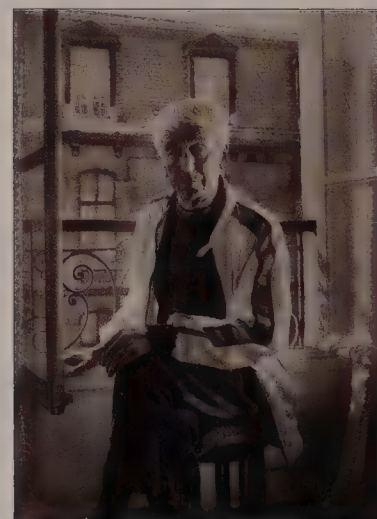
in *A Moment*. *Master Photographers: Portraits by Michael Somoroff*, published by Damiani. "I don't think it ever even occurred to me that they might say no." And none of them did.

By the time he embarked on the project, in the late 1970s, Somoroff knew more about the craft of photography than most others his age—much of it learned by assisting his father, still-life photographer **Ben Somoroff**, and from **Richard Avedon**, a family friend and mentor. Inspired by **Irving Penn's** "Small Trades" series, Somoroff practiced making portraits by coaxing waitresses from a Chock Full o'Nuts coffee shop to pose at his nearby studio. Once he honed his skills and had results he liked, he began shooting famous photographers.

In these carefully lit black-and-white images, Somoroff



André Kertész, *Paris*, 1982 (above) and **Jacques Henri Lartigue**, *Paris*, 1983 (below).



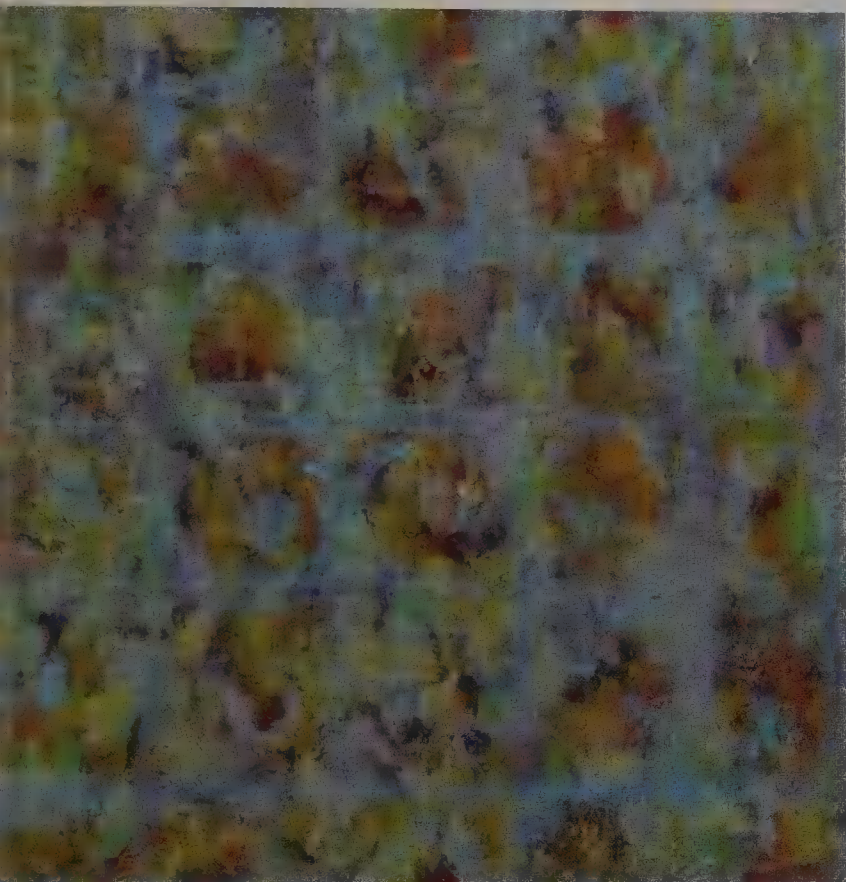
elicits a sense of drama from his subjects. Music and fashion photographer **Art Kane** pulls his jacket up over his head. A sad-eyed **Arnold Newman** holds a cigar in his thick fingers. **Elliott Erwitt** poses in shadowy profile, while **André Kertész**—looking professorial in a sweater and tie—puts his hand on his forehead. **Duane Michals** closes his eyes and tilts his close-shaven head back into a soft light above him. "We shot that in the back alleyway of Duane's brownstone, and it had been a rainy day," Somoroff remembers. "We did multiple exposures. We did movement studies. I remember at one point I had him lying on the wet pavement."

Somoroff, who today directs TV commercials for clients like the Olive Garden and Red Lobster in addition to making photo-based art, found negatives from the project while

going through his father's archives. "These photographs were taken when I was a very young man, full of desire and the yearning to make something of myself," he writes. "I was driven by raw enthusiasm without much finesse. Yet people were very generous and opened themselves to me." —**Rebecca Robertson**

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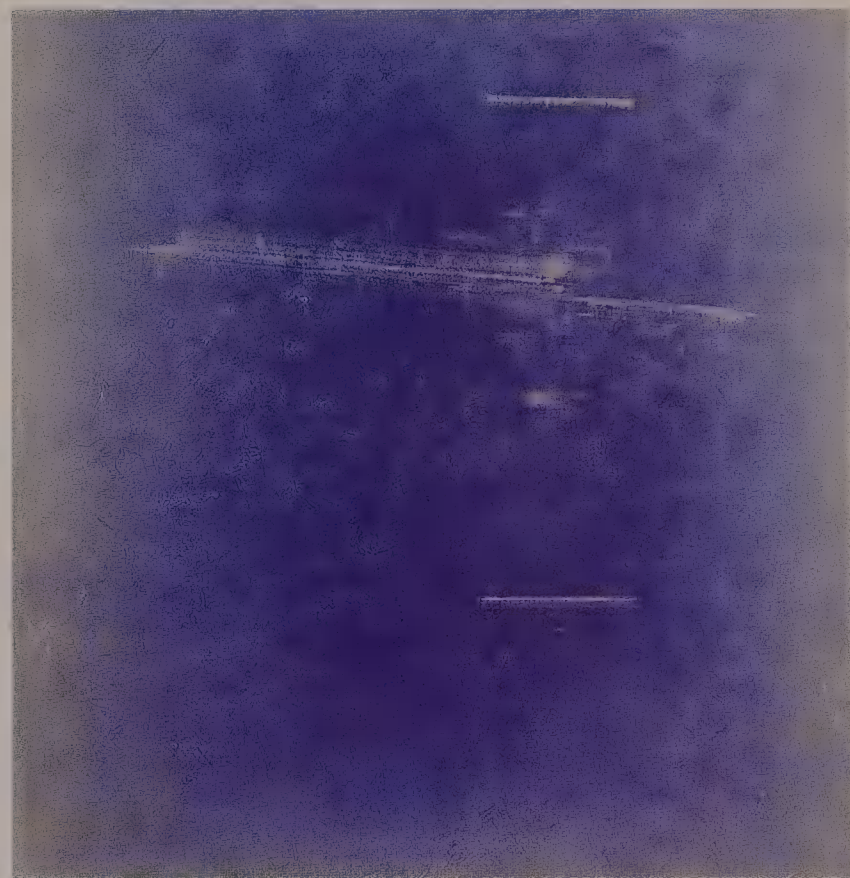
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Dummy Types

When photographer **Matthew Rolston** walked into the Vent Haven Museum in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky, in 2009, the crowds of huddled ventriloquist

toffs, and geezers. "To me, they were amazing abstractions of humanity, and because of the mileage on them, they have all kinds of issues of mortality attached," he says. Rolston made about 200 large-format portraits of

magazine in the 1970s. But aside from the bug-eyed blond dummy in *Powers Girl* (all works 2010), whose wide mouth and glued-on eyebrows suggest a simpleton version of Warhol's Marilyn, most of Rolston's subjects

"His wig is nailed back into his skull."

To help the photographer get the right expression for each portrait, Vent Haven curator **Jennifer Dawson** stood just outside the frame with her arm inside each



Matthew Rolston's photographic portraits of ventriloquist dummies (clockwise from top left): Jonathan Jones, Powers Girl, Jasper, and Hook Boy, all 2010.

dummies on display reminded him of retired performers still awaiting a cue. "It was the best casting call I've ever seen," he recalls.

Rolston, who usually photographs entertainers such as **Madonna** and **Beyoncé**, was moved by the pathos of these antique wiseacres,

dummies dating from the 1820s to the 1980s. Around half are collected in the book *Talking Heads: The Vent Haven Portraits*, published by Pointed Leaf Press.

Producing an artist's book is a first for the photographer, who got his start shooting for **Andy Warhol's Interview**

aren't very glamorous. With wide, weary eyes and limp hair, *Pancho* suggests a hapless Willy Loman type posing for his driver's license, and *Hook Boy* "looks like he was knocked down, drowned, left for dead, put back together—maybe by somebody's child—and repainted," Rolston says.

dummy. Working the rows of keys in the puppets' heads, Dawson focused eyes, protruded teeth, and made hair stand on end. "I was always looking for this dimension moment," says Rolston, "when they seem to bloom as if they're alive."

—**Lamar Anderson**

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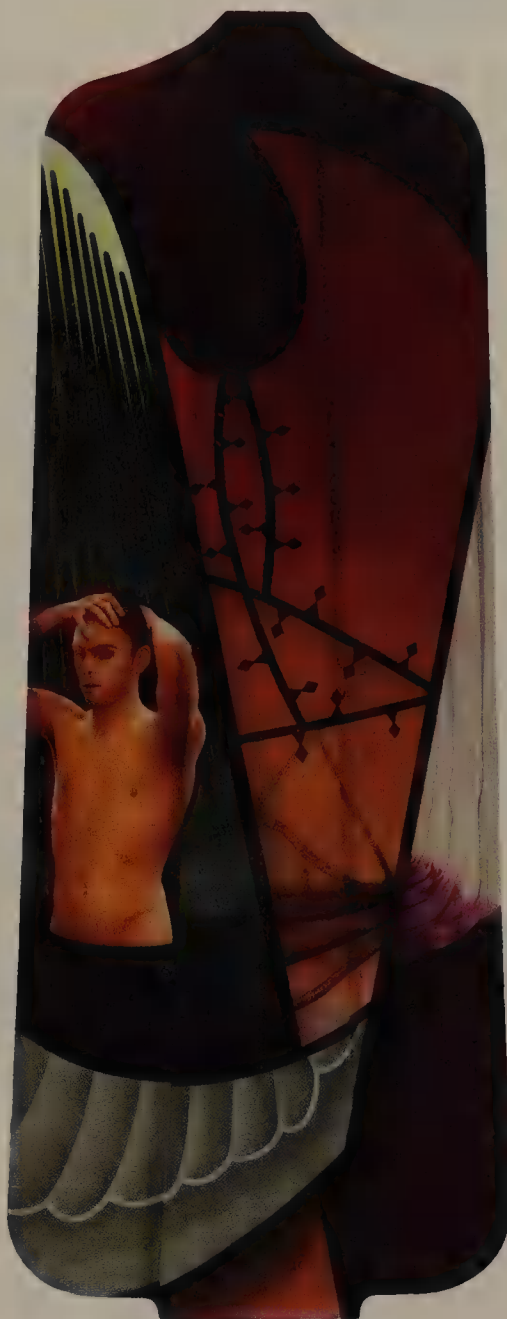
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Board Games

For two weeks this past fall, the World Chess Hall of Fame in Saint Louis made an unusual move—it stayed open 24/7 to give viewers access to the creation of a chess-inspired mural covering the four walls of its first-floor

about the evolving work.

The finished product, up through February 10, is an unfolding graphic story with scenes that are by turns apocalyptic and euphoric, deadpan and humorous, in a range of styles that meander from illustrative to expressionistic. The dominant colors are

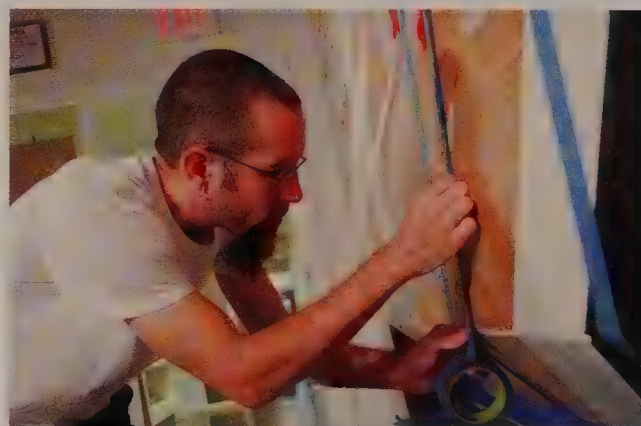
of obsessiveness that chess players experience."

Obsessiveness is also a quality shared by the individuals in the collective (besides Walsh, Screwed Arts includes **Christopher Burch**, **Daniel Burnett**, **Stan Chisholm**, **Christopher Harris**, **Daniel Jefferson**, **Kris Mosby**,

free-for-all," says Tolentino. Do the artists in the collective mind if fellow members paint over their work? "Oh, we mind. We argue all the time. And there's definitely competition," Tolentino adds. "It comes from our background as pretty much hard-core graffiti artists and



Detail of *Screwed Moves*, 2012, by the Screwed Arts Collective (above). Members Christopher Burch (left) and Bryan Walsh (right) working on the mural.



gallery. The mural, titled *Screwed Moves*, is the latest project of the Screwed Arts Collective, a group of nine Saint Louis-based artists with a reputation for staging public-painting events.

Members of Screwed Arts were on hand at the gallery during all hours, pacing, painting, sleeping, drinking beer or water, listening to the **Wu-Tang Clan** and **Duke Ellington**, and always willing to engage in a conversation

black, white, and red, like a bloodied chessboard. However, the mural's references to chess tend to be indirect, so it functions mainly as an allegory for the mental processes involved in playing the game. "At the entry point, it starts out calm, formal, structured," says Screwed Arts member **Bryan Walsh**. "As one moves around the room, it becomes more frantic, gestural, and real loose. It conveys the sort

Jason Spencer, and **Justin Tolentino**). And, as with a chess match, the making of *Screwed Moves* involved both intense concentration and quick mental reflexes. "There are rules in chess, and the collective has its rules, too," explains the project's curator, **Roseann Weiss**. "But within that, there's still the potential for making unexpected moves."

"We don't ever delegate areas or designs. It's really a

having to write our name on everything."

Walsh sums up Screwed Arts this way: "It's improvisational. It's layered. There's nine of us—you really don't see truly collaborative groups that large. Our process is public. And we're based in Saint Louis—which is important—not in New York or L.A. The competition between us is healthy. It keeps us pushing forward as a collective and as individuals." —**Ivy Cooper**

Chameleon, Oil on canvas, 140x160 cm



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Time Pieces

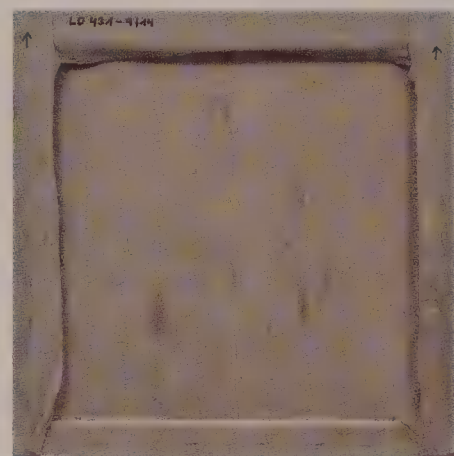
"The space between why this is a clock or why that is a clock is just as much a part as any of the details," painter **Laura Owens** says of her "Clocks" series. The works range from handprints arranged as a clock face to actual ticking timepieces installed in the canvases.

Now, super-sharp reproductions of all the paintings are collected in *Laura Owens: Clocks*, published by Karma in an edition of 1,000. The book's pages display the front of each piece on the recto and the canvas's backside (exposed

stretcher bars, batteries, gears, and all) on the verso.

If some pieces seem playful—such as an embroidery-on-canvas of swirls resembling clocks or smiling faces—others go darker, as in a painting of a barely visible alarm clock clouded in gobs of black. In one image, minute and hour hands mark the center of a woman's profile limned with a few thick curls of gray. The clock's hands seamlessly blend into the composition, but the printed image deceives: in person, it changes with each passing minute.

—**Ali Pechman**



The fronts and backs of untitled paintings from
Laura Owens's "Clocks" series, all 2012.

DRYWALL WIT

From **Louis Sullivan's** pronouncement "Form ever follows function" to **Mies van der Rohe's** Modernist maxim "Less is more" to **Robert Venturi's** Postmodernist riposte "Less is a bore," architects have a way with words. Some 150 such witticisms and bits of advice spanning **Alvar Aalto** to **Peter Zumthor** are collected in *The Architect Says: Quotes, Quips, and Words of Wisdom* (Princeton Architectural Press), a kind of *Bartlett's* for the design set.

"There is a tendency among architects to be very brief and pithy," says **Laura S. Dushkes**, who compiled and edited the book. "I think it's because, for example, if you're showing a client sketches, you don't have many opportunities to communicate your concept. That helps them be more razor-like." A quotation from **Le Corbusier** offers a twist on that logic: "I prefer drawing to talking. Drawing is faster, and leaves less room for lies."

Yet there's ample space for debate in the book, which pairs up quotes—set in a variety of typefaces—like dinner-party guests. Some are kindred spirits. Separated by nearly a century, **Frank Lloyd Wright** and **Cecil Balmond** both exalt the pleasure of a fresh stack of blank paper. Others are fixing for a fight. **Philip Johnson** professes to hate vacations—"If you can build buildings, why sit on the beach?"—while **Richard Neutra** endorses taking a few days off "to escape a breakdown!" And **Oscar Niemeyer** calls **Walter Gropius** an "idiot."

The real challenge for Dushkes was winnowing down the words of wisdom, many of which she discovered through her librarian job at architecture firm NBBJ in Seattle. "I'll bring a book back from the local architectural book store, and all of the architects and designers here will look at and discuss the images, and I'm looking at the text," she says. "Creating this book was a matter of balancing the architects, finding a good pairing. It was more work to make it short than to make it long." Mies would be proud.

—**Stephanie Murg**

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Vroom for Change



The art of **Matthew Day Jackson** defies conventional boundaries, and his recent pursuit—drag racing—is certainly no exception. Comparing the emergence of dragsters to the “birth of modernity at the end of **Brancusi’s** chisel,” the Brooklyn-based artist says that, like Brancusi carving stones in his workshop, early race-car builders would “take leftover, broken, gutted, old cars, and they’d shave and lower and polish them,” producing objects that reflected their individual creativity.

Unlike pioneers of modernism, however, makers of race cars introduced an added element: full-throttle speed. It was in this latter spirit that Jackson, having enlisted McKinney Corp to help him build a Super Comp dragster a couple of years ago, also became licensed to race by the National Hot Rod Association.

Jackson’s great-grandfather and uncle loved racing, so he considers his own fascination



“partly genetic.” His cousin **Skip Nichols**, a hot-rod designer and driver, had a shop not far from Olympia, Washington, where Jackson grew up. Since Jackson’s immediate family tended to own “really cheap cars,” Nichols’s beautifully crafted machines loomed large in his youthful imagination. “They were elusive, mysterious, and radical, and I was attracted to them like a moth to a flame,” he says.

Since his emergence as an

artist nearly a decade ago, Jackson has produced numerous mixed-media sculptures and installations that archly treat the detritus of American pop culture as historical artifacts. In his 2004 work *Sepulcher (Viking Burial Ship)*, on view last year at New York’s Whitney Museum, for example, he staged a fictional burial aboard a wooden boat bearing a sail made of punk-band and beer logos cut from old T-shirts.

Matthew Day Jackson’s *Chariot II (I Like America and America Likes Me)*, 2008 (left). The artist behind the wheel of his dragster (below).

He sees racing as “a sextant for navigating certain parts of American culture.”

Jackson tuned and tested his dragster more than a year ago in Florida. Propelled by its 950-horsepower engine, he says the car ran top speeds of 179 mph. More exciting to him, however, was the fact that it recorded consistent 7.87- to 7.89-second times on quarter-mile tracks. “That’s fast,” he says.

Unfortunately, during one of those runs, a computer glitch cooked the engine. His dragster has been on blocks for many months since then, during which time Jackson has tried to remain philosophical. In racing, he says, the decisive few seconds between start and finish require an act of faith. “If you over-muscle or over-steer or slam on the brakes, your car’s going to buck and roll, and you’re going to total it,” he says. “You have to let the car do its thing. You have to let go.”

He hopes to enter stealth races soon, with his car painted “a preliminary jet-black, and with no signs, no names, no nothing, so nobody knows how fast it is.” He also envisions public performances in the spring, with sponsors’ names emblazoned on his car. (Sponsorships range from \$500 to \$60,000.) Yet, for the time being, he confesses, “I just want to get the thing running. I don’t like to think I’m superstitious, but maybe I am. I keep thinking the car is telling me I need to learn more about it before I go out and race it.” —**Dorothy Spears**

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Additional foundations contributing to NYFA's Emergency Relief Fund include Art Matters, McGraw-Hill, and the Robert Sterling Clark Foundation. Further support has been provided by: the Artist Relief Project; Art Production Fund; C.A.S. Paints; CitySoft; Marylyn Dintenfass and her Studio Team; Econet Wireless Group, South Africa; Flood the Art Market; Artists Helping Artists Affected by Hurricane Sandy; Grey Area; Paddle 8; Performa; the University Galleries at Illinois State University; and Wirelos and Brian Reed.

NYFA welcomes ongoing support for the Fund through direct contributions and the donation of proceeds from relief-related special events and projects.

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ARTnews Retrospective

100 Years Ago

The bill recently introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies by M. Hesse, granting authors' rights to artists, and which will permit an artist to collect two per cent of the price for any signed work of art sold at public auction, if living, the same to go to his heirs for 50 years after his death, and which bids fair to become a law, is not only a move in the right direction for the proper protection of artists, but an insurance against much of the fraud in art dealing that has existed, and still prevails, to some extent, in all civilized countries.

—“Artists' Two Per Cent,” by W.W.B., January 4, 1913

75 Years Ago

Kandinsky's compositions of color, calligraphic line, and geometric symbols are like cosmic disturbances but they have only an imagined relation to fact. Like Klee he is a musician whose arrangements are composed of color, tone, and tactility, geometry, space and balance. *Science with Accompaniment* is the title of one of Kandinsky's inventions while *Polyphonic Currents* and *Model 106 in Color Polyphony* are titles given by Klee to his improvisations.

—“Directions in German Painting: Klee; Kandinsky; Feininger,” by Martha Davidson, January 8, 1938

50 Years Ago

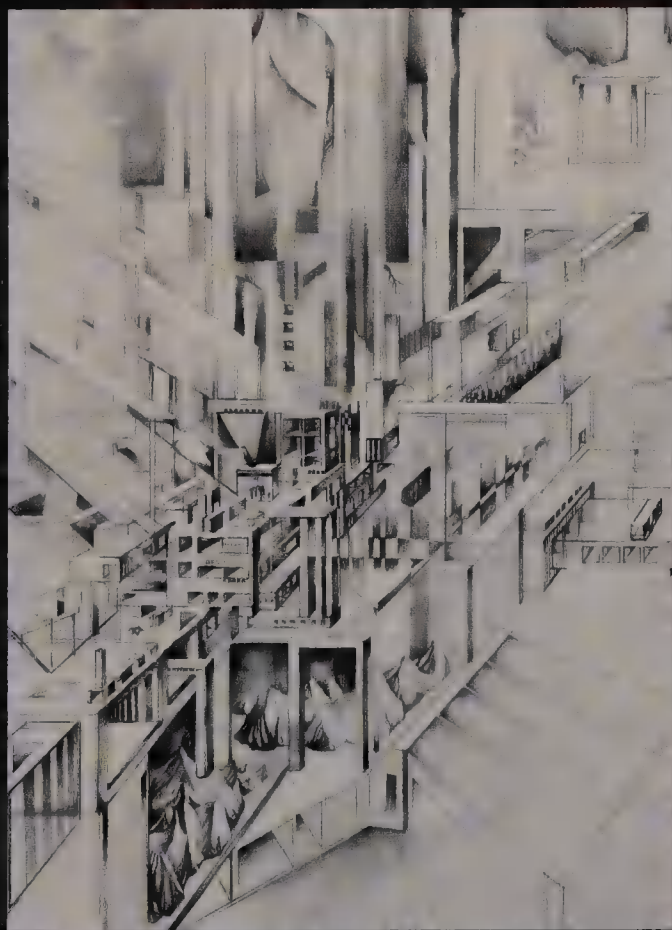
The fact is that we may take, for a painting as delicate as Mona Lisa, every precaution clear to us within our present sphere of knowledge, and yet be defeated by a surprise development analogous to what has happened in the even more scientifically advanced field of medicine—such as that ghastly surprise called the “hospital bug” that murderously arrived after antibiotics had nearly won the day for man: the curious bacillus that strikes hospital patients weakened by illness. . . . This is worth mentioning only to emphasize that no amount of today's science can predict, prevent or heal every eventuality.

—“A great lady and her public relations,” by Alfred Frankfurter, January 1963

25 Years Ago

With great fanfare, the Dia Art Foundation reestablished its presence in the New York art world this fall with a series of openings full of people celebrating not just the art around them but its controversial sponsor. Some 1,500 people showed up to talk and toast against the Spartan backdrop of Dia's new center for contemporary art, a refurbished factory building on West 22nd Street where works by Blinky Palermo, Imi Knoebel, and the late Joseph Beuys are on exhibit for a year.

—“Back from the Brink,” by Ginger Danto, January 1988



Reverend (c. 1912), pencil on paper, 41 x 1 in.

Ricky Allman

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'You Can't Be Liked By Everybody'

Fernando Botero sold one of his watercolors at the age of 14 for two dollars and despite some 'opposition' has since become one of the world's wealthiest artists

BY MILTON ESTEROW

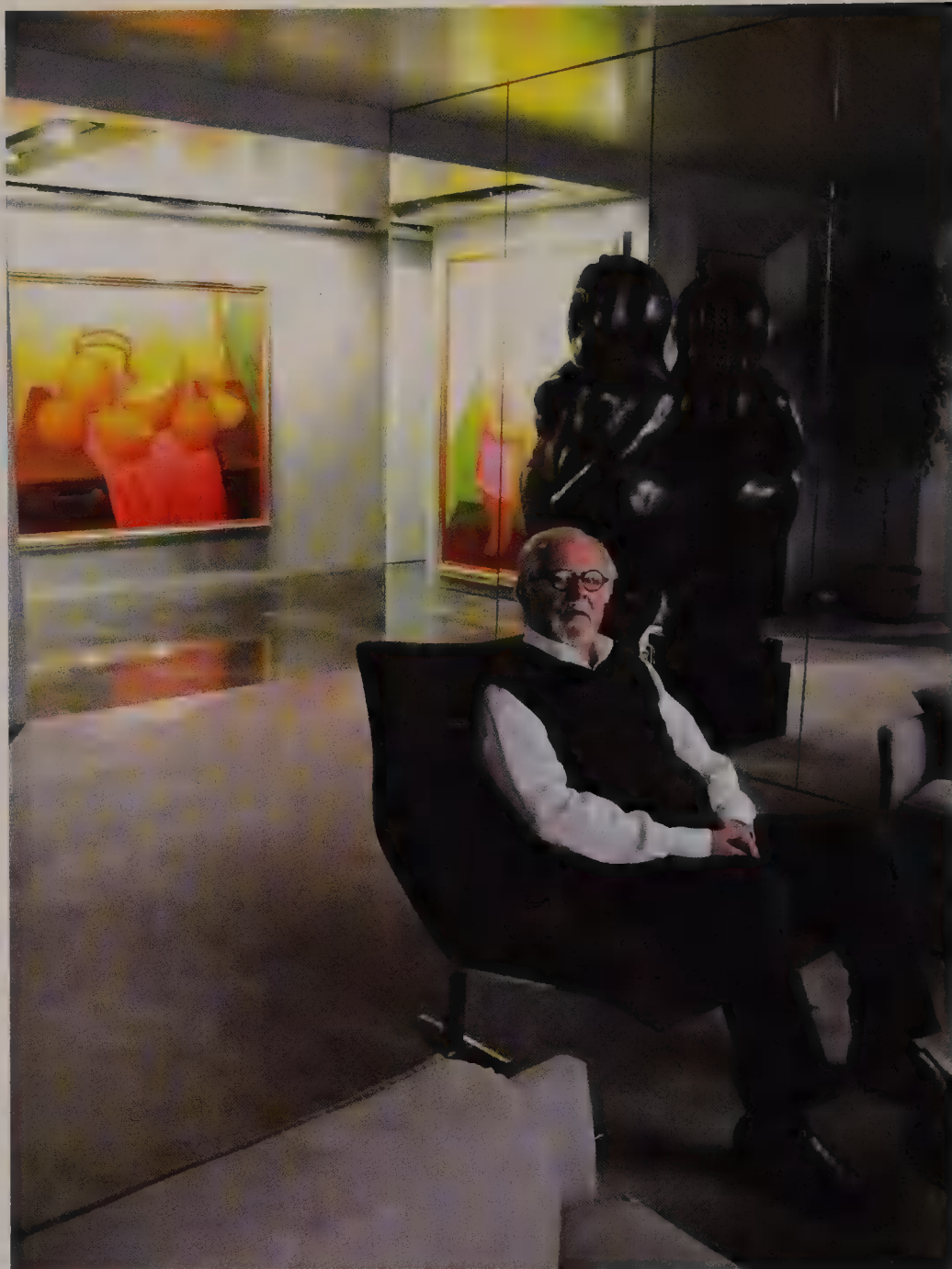
When Fernando Botero was 14 years old and living with his family in Medellín, Colombia, he wanted to be a bullfighter. He enrolled in a school for bullfighters and began making watercolors of them.

One day he went into a store in Medellín that sold tickets to the bullfights. "I showed the owner six of my drawings and said to him, 'Why don't you sell them?'" Botero told me recently in an interview at his Manhattan apartment.

"He took the six drawings and put them on display. A few days later, I went in and saw he had only five. He had sold one, and he gave me two pesos, which was about two dollars. I was so excited that I ran home to tell my brother, but on the way I lost the money. My first sale, and I lost it."

Botero has since become one of the world's wealthiest artists. His paintings and sculptures sell for millions of dollars and are in the collections of more than 50 museums. In the last five years, he has had exhibitions at museums and galleries in Hungary, Turkey, Korea, Spain, the United Arab Emirates, Colombia, Mexico, England, Portugal, and the United States. He spends much of the year in Monaco, but he also has homes in Paris and Colombia, Pietrasanta, Italy, and on the island of Evia, off the coast of Greece.

Botero, who is 80, was in New York recently for his exhibition at



Marlborough Gallery, which has represented him since 1969.

"Some people love my work, some people hate it," he said. "You can't be liked by everybody. There has been opposition in some places. I represent the opposite of what is happening in art today. But I don't complain. It hasn't hurt my career. I'm happy to have the success I have had."

▲ **Fernando Botero in his New York apartment. He also has homes in Monaco, Paris, Colombia, Italy, and Greece.**

Some of the "opposition" complaints have been about his over-size figures—"strange monumentality" was

one critic's comment. Others have praised his allegiance to Renaissance classicism "with a touch of social commentary and wit."

"In the 1960s, I did portraits of the military juntas in South America," Botero said. "I did paintings of the

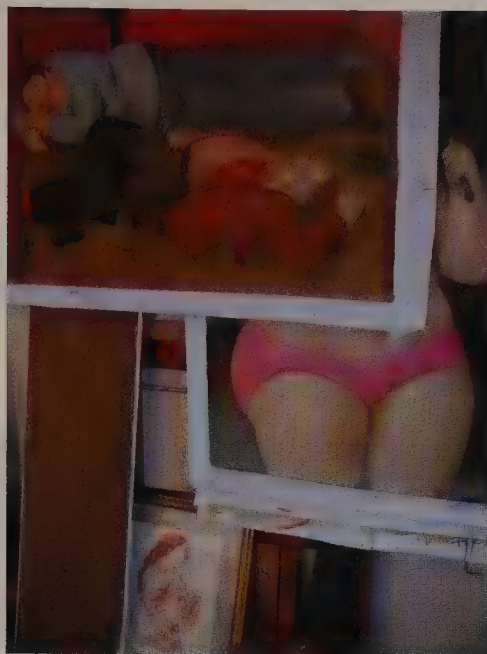
drug violence in Colombia, and in 2005 I did about 80 paintings and drawings of the prisoner abuses by American guards at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq."

When Botero was 16, he attended a Catholic school in Medellín and worked as an illustrator for the literary section of a local newspaper. "I wrote an article about Picasso and Cubism, and the newspaper published it," he said. "In my article I wrote, more or less, that the destruction of forms in Cubism reflected the destruction of individualism in modern society. That was a kind of Marxist concept that I am sure I read someplace and that sounded very intellectual to me."

"The result was that I was expelled from school in front of everybody. The dean said, 'We cannot accept rotten apples in the school. That will damage the other students.' McCarthyism was not only in America but also in Latin America, and such innocent expressions were not accepted."

At 19, Botero won a \$7,000 national art prize in Colombia and went to Europe. "I was living in Madrid on a dollar a day," he said. "That's what my room and three meals a day cost me. I was in Europe for nearly three years on the \$7,000. One night, I was walking and passed a bookshop that had a book in the window on the Italian Renaissance by Lionello Venturi." The book was open to a reproduction of Piero della Francesca's *The Queen of Sheba Adoring the Holy Wood*, one of the series of frescoes on *The Legend of the True Cross* in the Basilica of San Francesco in Arezzo, Italy.

"The frescoes opened my eyes, and Piero changed my life," Botero said. "I saw it and thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I couldn't believe it. I had never heard of Piero. The next day, I bought the book. That began my obsession with Italian art—the sensuality, the voluptuousness of the forms. And then I went to Italy to look at the work of Masaccio and Mantegna and Uccello



ABOVE Works in progress in Botero's studio. **BELOW** A figure from his pre-Columbian collection.



and Veneziano and Michelangelo and all the others."

Ten years ago, Botero and his wife, the sculptor and jewelry designer Sophia Vari, made a trip to see all of the Piero frescoes in Italy. They went to Arezzo, Urbino, and Monterchi, where they saw the little chapel with the famous *Madonna del Parto*.

Botero first came to New York in 1960. "I had \$200 in my pocket," he said. "I couldn't get a gallery. There was a gallery near the Museum of Modern Art. One day the dealer came to my studio. A lot of my drawings were on the table. He said, 'I'll give you ten dollars a drawing.' We started counting. There were 70 drawings, so he paid me \$700. It was a fortune for me at the time."

Botero collected art years ago and then gave away most of it. In 2000, he donated hundreds of millions of dollars worth of art to two museums in Colombia: the Botero Museum in Bogotá, which received about 150 of his paintings and sculptures, as well as 90 works by Picasso, Miró, Braque, Chagall, Calder, Giacometti, and a number of Impressionists; and the Museo de Antioquia, which was given about 150 of his works and about 40 paintings by German, Spanish, and American artists, including Frank Stella, Helen Frankenthaler, and Robert Rauschenberg.

The Museo de Antioquia is named for the province of which Medellín, where Botero was born, is the capital. The city also cleared adjacent land for a sculpture park with 25 Botero sculptures as part of a campaign to revitalize the center of Medellín.

"My father was a traveling salesman," Botero said. "He died when I was five. He sold clothes and other things and he traveled on a mule. My mother was a seamstress. When I told my mother that I wanted to be an artist, she said, 'You're going to die of hunger.'" ■

Milton Esterow is editor and publisher of ARTnews.

'You Had to Have a Veronese'

A survey at the Ringling chronicles the career of the Renaissance painter American collectors coveted

BY ANN LANDI

Paolo Veronese (1528–1588) was a painter who delighted in highly charged storytelling, grandiose architecture, sumptuous fabrics, and occasionally daring improprieties (he was hauled before the Inquisition for including buffoons, drunken guests, and dwarves in his 1573 tableau *The Feast in the House of Levi*). He was also extremely popular among American collectors during and after the Gilded Age, including John Ringling, one of the founding brothers of the circus empire, who acquired Veronese's jewel-toned *Rest on the Flight into Egypt* (ca. 1572) for his fledgling museum of art in Sarasota, Florida, in 1925.

That massive canvas, nearly eight feet tall, became the starting point for "Paolo Veronese: A Master and His Workshop in Renaissance Venice," an overview of Veronese's long and prolific career, at the John and Mable Ringling Museum (through April 14). It was organized by Virginia Brilliant, associate curator for European art, who arrived at the museum in 2008 and was charged with curating shows inspired by its impressive collection of Old Masters. As she points out, "It's the first comprehensive survey of Veronese since the 1988 show at the

National Gallery in Washington. He's long overdue for a look and for an introduction to American audiences."

Ringling acquired *Rest on the Flight into Egypt* even as the museum was being built in tandem with the collection. "He was ever the showman," Brilliant says, "and he had spent so much of his time developing Sarasota as a resort. I think he believed an art museum might add another layer of attraction, which would set it apart

from the east coast of Florida and make it more of a cultural destination."

One of the reasons Americans found Veronese accessible, Brilliant says, was because his paintings are not overtly religious. Many collectors, such as Isabella Stewart Gardner in Boston, were building their houses in the Venetian style, and Veronese "became one of those standard artists. You had to have a Veronese, and so many wonderful paintings made it to America, like



► *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt*, ca. 1572, is featured in the Ringling Museum's Veronese exhibition.



the ones in the Frick" (two allegories that can't travel because of the terms of the founder's bequest).

The number of Veronese's drawings and paintings in American collections, including several examples from the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., allowed Brilliant and her chief collaborator, Frederick Ilchman, curator of paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, to assemble a show that tells "the whole story of how these masterpieces went from the artist's very first doodles, his first ideas for a composition, and how he worked those up into very highly finished drawings" and from there to paintings. The handsomely illustrated 288-page hardbound catalogue from La Scala publishers includes 17 essays on individual

works, patronage, American collectors, portraiture, and other subjects written by Brilliant, Ilchman, David Rosand, and other experts.

Henry James called Veronese the "happiest painter" of the Renaissance, one who enjoyed a reputation for vivid color and the creation of a festive mood even when his subject wasn't a celebration. As Brilliant points out, even potentially bloody scenes were often treated with a light touch. The curator says she has been questioned about the assailant in *The Martyrdom and Last Communion of Saint Lucy* (ca. 1582), a picture on loan from the National Gallery: "Is he groping her?" And I have to say, 'No, he's stabbing her.' At first you think it's a happy, sexy picture, but it's not."

▲ *The Martyrdom and Last Communion of Saint Lucy*, ca. 1582, depicts ■ bloody deed in vivid color.

Because Veronese is so often dismissed as a decorative painter, Brilliant and her colleagues included examples of actual Venetian fabrics from the period, of which the MFA in Boston has an exemplary collection. "There's a piece of lace that looks like it was just snatched off the bed of Venus in one of the pictures," she says. "We wanted to show that these are real things that people had and could use." In Veronese's hands, "they were an advertisement for the Venetian luxury lifestyle." ■

Ann Landi is a contributing editor of ARTnews.

A painter and printmaker who traveled easily between full-blown abstraction and stylized portraiture, Will Barnet died in November at his home in the National Arts Club building along Manhattan's Gramercy Park at the age of 101. Barnet made his mark as an influential teacher and as an artist who bucked contemporary trends to forge his own singular visions of American life.

Born in the former whaling town of Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1911, Barnet was the son of Eastern European immigrants. When he was 12, he set up his own studio in the basement of the family house. Among his first encounters with art were the carvings on old tombstones in a nearby cemetery. Those memorials made him realize, as he later recalled, "that being an artist would give me an ability to create something which would live on after death."

After attending the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, he went to New York to study at the Art Students League in 1930, renting a room for \$1 a night, roaming the city streets, and sketching the forlorn Depression-era outcasts in imitation of one of his heroes, Honoré Daumier. Not long after, Barnet became an accomplished printmaker, whose works mined a vein of social realism and whose talents led to his being appointed official



A Contrarian Centenarian

In an 80-year career, Will Barnet's art went from abstraction to figuration and back again **BY ANN LANDI**

printer for the League. He had his first solo exhibition in 1935; four years later, his art was included in the New York World's Fair.

By the 1940s, under the influence of modernist innovations, Barnet's work had become entirely abstract. He joined a group known as the Indian Space painters, who incorporated Native American imagery into their visual vocabulary. In 1941, he also began a lengthy teaching career at the Art Students League and later at the Cooper Union (where his students included James Rosenquist, Cy Twombly, and Knox Martin). Summer positions in the Midwest and Washington State allowed him to "spread the gospel of his teach-

ing methods and philosophy," noted Bruce Weber, senior curator of the National Academy Museum.

In the early 1960s, Barnet developed the style for which he is best known—flattened and sharply contoured scenes of family life, taking as subjects his four children and his second wife, Elena, who posed for one of his most popular and widely reproduced works, *Woman Reading* (1965). In the '70s, he painted a series of mysterious images of women in dark forests or waiting on the porches of seaside houses, and more recently he returned to abstraction, producing work the critic Roberta Smith described

as "remarkably fresh in every way."

"He was such a bridge between older ideas and contemporary practice," notes Barbara Haskell, a curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art. "He was open to different styles of painting and sculpture in a way that was unique, and he knew everyone from Reginald Marsh to James Rosenquist." In addition to having 80 solo shows, Barnet was the subject of the 2011 retrospective "Will Barnet at 100" at the National Academy Museum and was a recipient of a National Medal of Arts, presented by President Barack Obama. ■

Ann Landi is a contributing editor of ARTnews.



DAVID LACHAPPELLE

"Poems of My Soul and Immortality."

2002

Cybernet

2002-2003

2003-2004

2004-2005

David LaChapelle's work is a blend of surrealism and digital art, often featuring vibrant colors and fantastical elements.

His work has been exhibited in numerous galleries and museums worldwide, including the Tate Modern in London.

LaChapelle's work is characterized by its dreamlike quality and its exploration of themes such as love, death, and the human condition.

He has also collaborated with various fashion brands, including Dior and Chanel, creating iconic visual campaigns.

LaChapelle's work is a testament to his creativity and his ability to create a unique and captivating visual language.

His work is a celebration of the human imagination and the power of art to transcend the boundaries of reality.

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News Briefs

NEWS

■ **The Dallas Museum of Art** announced that it will now offer free membership and admission to visitors.

The program, titled DMA Friends and Partners, will make special events available to all members, and offer incentives to those who participate frequently.

According to the Association of Art Museum Directors, Dallas is the only museum in the United States to offer free membership. "With typical membership there is a barrier to the public unless they pay more money," says the museum's director, **Maxwell Anderson**. "This is an innovative way for people to earn benefits through participation instead."

He predicts that this change, which is scheduled to be implemented later this month, will set a precedent for museum membership and public outreach. Anderson says the Dallas Museum has already been contacted by several other institutions around the country that would like to partner with it on this project. "Museums are educational charities—it is important to acknowledge that."

AWARDS

■ Conceptual artist **Danh Vo** is the winner of the 2012 **Hugo Boss Prize**. The \$100,000 award is presented biennially by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation and Hugo Boss.

■ **Theaster Gates** is the first-ever recipient of the **Vera List Center Prize for Art and Politics**, a biennial award recognizing artists who use their work to invoke social and political change. Gates is being honored for his installation *Dorchester Projects* (2009), for which the artist transformed an abandoned home in Chicago into a community meeting center.

■ **Cuauhtémoc Medina** has won the **Walter Hopps Award for Curatorial Achievement**, a \$15,000 prize given annually by the Menil Collection in Houston.

■ Sculptor **Kathy Butterly** is the recipient of the **Smithsonian American Art Museum Contemporary Artist Award**, a \$25,000 prize given annually to an artist younger than 50.

■ **Susan Dackerman** is the winner of the **International Fine Print Dealers Association Book Award** for the exhibition catalogue *Prints and the Pursuit of Knowledge in Early Modern Europe*.

■ **Andrea Zittel** has won the **Frederick Kiesler Prize for Architecture and the Arts**. The €55,000 award is given every two years by the city of Vienna and the Republic of Austria, alternately.

■ Sculptor **Jaume Plensa** is the recipient of Spain's **National Award for Plastic Arts**, a €30,000 prize given annually by the Ministry of Education, Culture, and Sport.

OBITUARIES

■ **Bernard Chaet, artist, 88**. Born in Boston in 1924, Chaet was a noted painter, professor, and author. A member of the Boston Expressionists, he painted landscapes and still lifes that demonstrated a tendency toward realism at a time when abstraction was favored by most painters.

After earning a B.A. from Tufts University in Boston, Chaet began teaching at Yale University. There, he was a professor of painting and drawing, and from 1959–62 Chaet was the chair of the Yale Department of Art of the School of Fine Arts.

Chaet's work has been the subject of numerous exhibitions, including a solo shows at David

Findlay Jr. Gallery in New York last summer and Swarthmore College's List Gallery in the fall. In October, the Yale School of Art organized a memorial exhibition to honor Chaet, featuring works by his students from 1950–90.

■ **Lebbeus Woods, architect, 72**.

A progressive and influential author, educator, and architect, Woods was born in Lansing, Michigan, in 1940. He attended the Pur-

due University School of Engineering and the University of Illinois School of Architecture, before starting his own architectural practice. In 1988, Woods founded the Research Institute for Experimental Architecture (RIEA), in Bern, Switzerland, and served as its scientific director. He taught at institutions includ-

ing Harvard, Columbia, and most recently, the Cooper Union, in New York.

Woods was the author of numerous publications. His work has been exhibited at the Carnegie Museum of Art in Pittsburgh, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Austrian Museum of Applied Arts, among others.

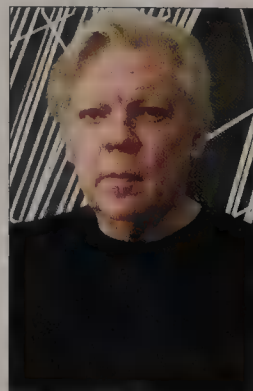
—**Stephanie Strasnick**



Jaume Plensa.



Bernard Chaet.




Lebbeus Woods.



Cuauhtémoc Medina.



Kathy Butterly.



ADAA relief fund

Image: NOAA

HURRICANE SANDY RELIEF RESOURCES

The Art Dealers Association of America offers our heartfelt sympathies and support to all those who have suffered unimaginable losses as a result of Hurricane Sandy. ADAA has compiled relief resources for our members and the entire arts community—including information on the ADAA Relief Fund, federal and state assistance, insurance, and conservation—on our website www.artdealers.org.

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THE FLORIDA KEYS: INSPIRING ART

The Florida Keys beckon from their enticing vantage point at the blue-green intersection of the Gulf and the Atlantic, urging artists to recognize, interpret, and illustrate their most striking elements.



Pam Folsom, *Iguana House*, 2012, oil on canvas, 30" x 30". Gingerbread Square Gallery.

And they do, capturing depths of color and intricacies of sun and shadow, the unpredictable dance of sunlight on water, and the personalities and politics of people.

"I sell soul. I put Key West's soul into people's homes," says Nance Frank, who owns the renowned Gallery on Greene and is preparing for one of the most exciting exhibitions of her career. "A Fisherman's Dream: Folk Art by Mario Sanchez" will open this month at New York's South Street Seaport Museum.

Sanchez—who was born in 1908 in Key West to parents of Cuban lineage—wasn't seeking world-wide recognition; he simply wanted to capture the personalities, political nuances, and poignance of the hometown he cherished. A self-taught artist, he used painted wood carvings to depict scenes from his



David Scott Meier, *Reverse Sushi*, 2012, oil on panel, 20" x 16". David Scott Meier.

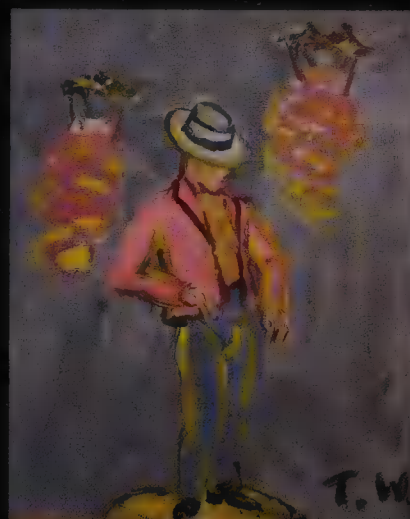
childhood: fishermen selling their catches from hand-carts, a horse-drawn carriage supplying ice, and Sanchez's father, *el lector*, standing on a raised pedestal, reading aloud in Spanish to Cuban cigar rollers in a Key West factory.

"In Sanchez's work, we glimpse a little-known Key West, a multicultural and yet deeply self-contained place," writes Susan Henshaw Jones, president of the South Street Seaport Museum.

The show features 35 intaglios on loan from the Key West Art & Historical Society and private collectors around the world. "This show isn't just for Mario; it's for all of Key West," says Frank, adding that "A Fisherman's Dream" brings the island a step closer to "re-establishing the cultural bridge between Key West and Cuba."

While many of Sanchez's works will be in New York this year, the Gallery on Greene still overflows with the work of numerous Key West artists. Peter Vey's paintings, for example, bring the warmth and color of the tropics indoors, transporting walls in any northern town into a place where palm trees thrive,

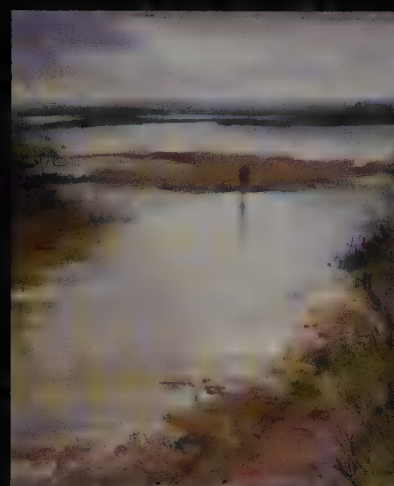
THE GALLERY ON GREENE



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Camino Real 1982, 20" x 16" Oil on Canvas Board



WILLIAM BRADLEY THOMPSON
Coral Fish 2012, 10" x 15" Mixed Media



PRISCILLA COOTIE
Heron Blue 2012, 24" x 18" Oil on Canvas

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ABOVE: Mario Sanchez, *Comparsa de Al Boza*, 1980's, intaglio, 18" x 53". Gallery on Greene.



LEFT: Jane Washburn, *Stock Island Sisters, Skye Marie and Gulf Queen*, 2011, oil on canvas, 24" x 20". **RIGHT:** Sal Salinero, *Kauai's Enchanted Forest*, 2006, oil on canvas, 30" x 60". Both, Gingerbread Square Gallery.

poincianas bloom, and historic homes need not be white. "There's plenty of art that throws you into an introspective tailspin. I like to celebrate life. That's important to me," says Vey.

William Bradley Thompson's works celebrate life just as vividly, turning a living room remembered from his childhood into an absorbing array of colors, making it abstract while still realistic and inviting.

In a more tonalist style, Priscilla Coote deftly re-creates the nuances of sunlit water as it shimmers on the

surface, pours onto beaches, or swirls around aging wooden piers.

And no discussion of Key West's artists is complete without mention of the playwright Tennessee Williams, who was also an accomplished painter. His nude image of *Mister Paradise* demonstrates his artistic skill.

Key West's galleries are surrounded by stunning vistas, and boast intriguing collections of paintings, sculpture, pottery, wood, and glass. Offering all the

A FISHERMAN'S DREAM: FOLK ART BY MARIO SANCHEZ



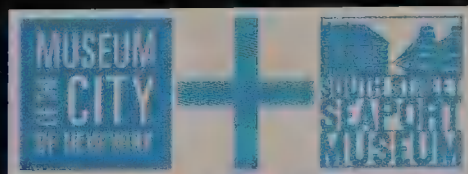
*Mario Sanchez (1908-2005) A Fisherman's Dream Intaglio 33" x 41".
Collection of Key West Art & Historical Society. Image courtesy of Gallery on Greene, Key West.*

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TOP LEFT: Maggie Ruley, *The Historic Key West Armory*, 2012, oil on canvas, 15" x 11". The Studios of Key West.

TOP RIGHT: David Scott Meier, *Parrot Head*, 2012, oil on panel, 20" x 16". David Scott Meier.

MIDDLE: Peter Vey, *New York Rising*, 2012, oil on canvas, 20" x 16". Gallery on Greene.

BOTTOM: Lincoln Perry, *The Gardener*, 2012, oil on canvas, 28" x 36". Lucky Street Gallery.

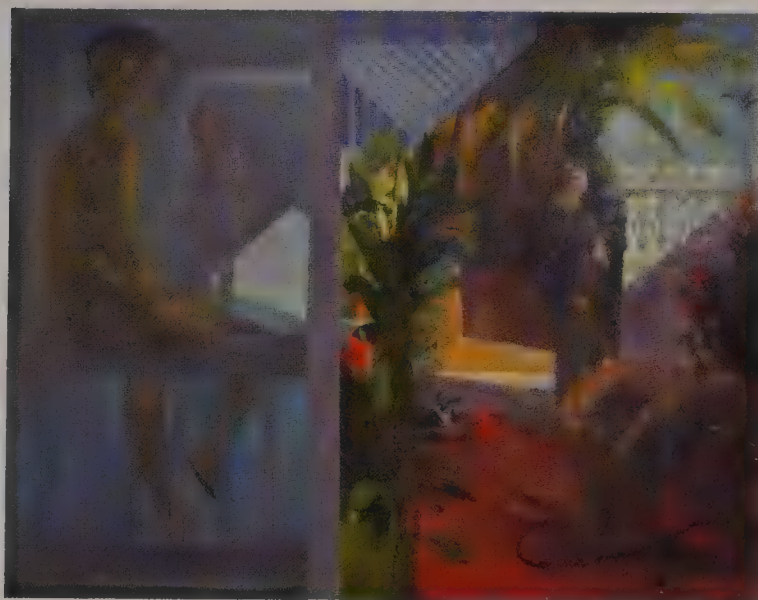


above, Gingerbread Square Gallery stands over Duval Street as it has since 1974, displaying the work of artists whose styles often reflect the island's tropical and multicultural flavors.

Painting outside year round, Pam Folsom fully immerses herself in the tropical surroundings, capturing the movement of clouds, water, and grass; while Michael Palmer offers a delightfully stylized architectural theme. He paints aerial views that show geometric rooflines often overlooking crisp blue water. "The sun-drenched white roofs, the charming architectural details, the abundant greenery, the water in the far background—all suggest a small, quiet, southern coastal town in the summer," notes Gingerbread owner Jeff Birn.

As a Key West native, Sal Salinero grew up amid the island's beauty, and has a deep appreciation for tropical wildlife and foliage. His paintings of rainforests and their inhabitants depict both their beauty and threatened existence.

Like the wildlife, the Keys' coastal landscapes must be preserved too, and not just in paint. Jane Washburn wants viewers of her work to be reminded of the region's tropical heritage and help prevent its

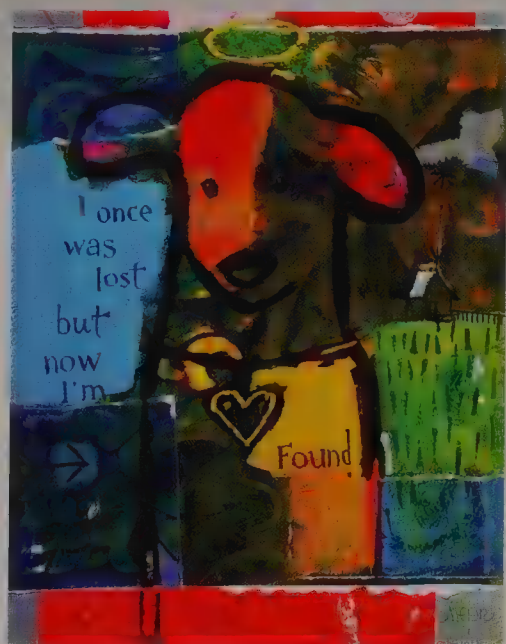




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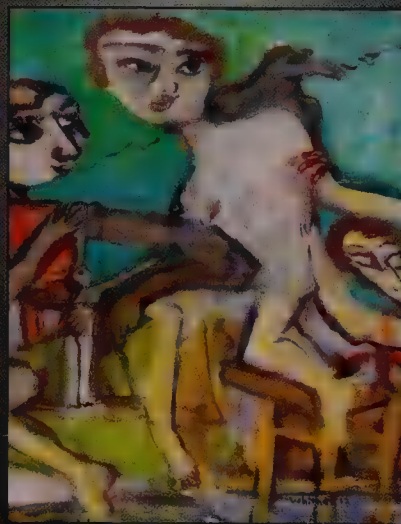
SAL SALINERO

"Eden's Hanging Garden" 16x16, oil on canvas, 2012. Also available as a signed, limited edition on canvas.



JANE WASHBURN

*"Cat Nap" 16x20, oil on canvas, 2012
Opening Reception Monday, March 4, 5:30-8:30PM
Exhibition continues through March 10.*



JOHN WHITNEY

*"The Dream" 16x20, oil on canvas, 2012
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Exhibition continues through March 10.*

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Paintings by Michele Byrne

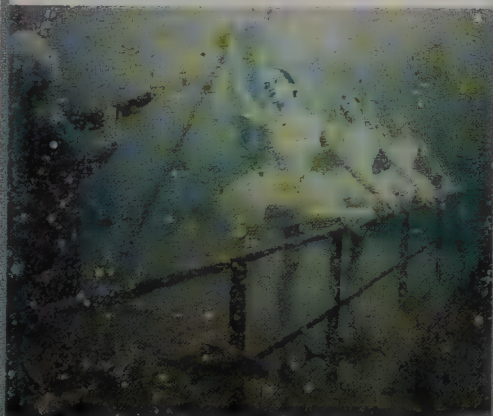
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Florida Keys
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Michael A. Palmer, *Open Market*, 2012, acrylic and ink on canvas, 24" x 48".
Gingerbread Square Gallery.



Priscilla Coote, *Overseas Nightfall*, 2012, oil on canvas, 24" x 48".
Gallery on Greene.

disappearance. She shows us the unexpected, everyday beauty of the region in colorful bicycles leaned against a picket fence and the fiery blur of a Key West rooster.

John Whitney's paintings are more figurative: he shows an image's movement by creating various views of the subject. "My work is a fusion between Surrealism and abstraction, using dreamscapes as a base," he says. "Emotion is the bond between the artwork and the viewer. This necessary psychological essence is the basis of my work."

Keys artist David Scott Meier's paintings and prints are also figurative, often including collage and gold leaf in themes that include fishermen and mermaids. His works reveal a sense of humor, and intriguing details tell a story and engage the viewer. "The textures and designs, and humor, invite many more collectors to visit (and revisit) my near-

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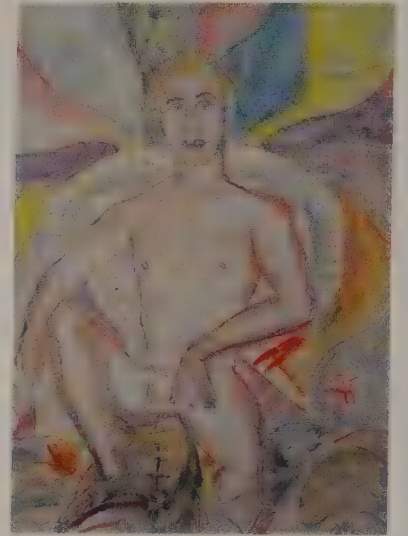
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LEFT: John Whitney, *Feeling the Music*, 2012, oil on canvas, 48" x 30". Gingerbread Square Gallery. **MIDDLE:** John James Audubon, *PL 281 Great White Heron*, heritage limited edition print. Audubon House. **RIGHT:** Tennessee Williams, *Mr. Paradise*, 1982, oil on board, 30" x 22". Gallery on Greene.

sighted worlds," said Meier, who recently opened a working studio on Simonton Street in Key West.

Some of Meier's original paintings can also be found at Wet Paint Gallery on Duval Street. "David's tropical themes explore fishermen, mermaids and mer-men. His mature palette and varied subjects make his work a favorite to collectors in all climes," said Jennifer Badry of Wet Paint Gallery, which she describes as "100 percent local and 100 percent fun." Badry also owns Mango Season Key West Jewelry, and is Wet Paint Gallery's resident jewelry designer.

Wet Paint Gallery now represents the artists who were formerly partners in 7 Artists co-op gallery, plus a few others, including Meier, Pam Hobbs, Maggie Ruley, Chris Carroll, EGG, Lynne Fischer, Noelle Rose, Tony Scullin, Kristen Carroll and Mary O'Shea.

Their varied and refreshing work includes hand-painted rugs, sculpture, glass work, jewelry, paintings and photography, making the gallery a fresh and inviting place for collectors of all experience, taste and budgets. The work is constantly changing and expanding to reflect the current body of work being produced by local artists.

Some of that work is produced in a historic armory building where The Studios of Key West offer studio space, lectures, workshops, residencies, partnership projects and nurture the creation of work. The Studios recently expanded their outdoor sculpture and nature garden and are hosting the exhibition "The Sinking World," by Austrian Andreas Franke, which features work previously shown in a sunken ship. Franke explains that he turned the Vandenberg shipwreck off Key West into an underwater gallery when



LEFT: William Bradley Thompson, *Yellow Glow*, 2012, mixed media, 40" x 68". Gallery on Greene. **RIGHT:** Tony Scullin, *Casa Blue*, 2006, giclée on canvas, 24" x 36". Photo by Tony Scullin. Wet Paint Gallery.



LEFT: Jennifer Badry, *Elite Cluster*. Photo by Alan Kenish. Wet Paint Gallery. **RIGHT:** Avis Collins Robinson, *Slaves in a Cotton Field*, 2012, Broad cloth, burlap, yarn, acrylic paint, 30" x 40". The Studios of Key West.



he installed a series of waterproofed photographs showing "mystified scenes of the past that play in a fictional space."

There's nothing fictional, however, about the Audubon House Gallery on Whitehead Street, where history is accurately re-created to demonstrate life in Key West in the 1800s. The gallery features a collec-

tion of John James Audubon art and limited-edition prints by the famed naturalist who painted detailed images of the birds and vegetation he discovered in the Florida Keys in the 1830s.

While the Audubon House represents Key West's storied history, Lucky Street Gallery offers a view of today's Key West. For 30 years, the gallery has sought

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FOLSOM**

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to engage, educate, excite, and challenge viewers with sculpture, paintings, pottery, construction and mixed media works by Key West's best local artists. Lucky Street showcases inviting paintings by Rick Worth, intriguing sculptures by John Martini and metal creations by Cindy Wynn among many other local talents.

From historic wood carvings and sun-drenched palm trees to whimsical characters, detailed sketches, and everything in between, the art of the Florida Keys is as diverse and intriguing as the islands and their artists.


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Mandy Miles is the author of "Tan Lines," the popular humor column that appears in The Key West Citizen. She has published two collections of her Tan Lines columns, available at Amazon.com.

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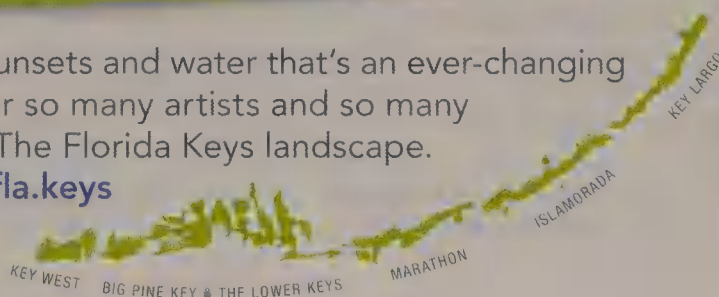
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A Never-Ending Embrace

A quintessential Paris moment for me, one I have repeated several times over the past decade, is a visit to the remote corner of the Montparnasse Cemetery where Constantin Brancusi's *The Kiss* marks a young woman's grave. Even as it ages with exposure to summer heat and winter storms, *The Kiss* remains essentially the same.

How wonderful and reassuring are these beautiful objects and places in the French capital that never change except in response to the elements. The incursion of high-end fashion boutiques can alter immeasurably the neighborhood where Giacometti and Sartre once lived so modestly; a Ferris wheel can impose its silliness in the middle of what should be the sublime view from the Louvre straight through the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe; kitschy sculptures can clutter the otherwise impeccable pathways through the Luxembourg Gardens; but *The Kiss* remains reliably where it belongs. Uniquely beautiful in its simplicity and poignancy, it is exactly where Brancusi placed it, at home among other grave monuments in its modest and straightforward setting. Without pomp or ceremony, it is ineffably powerful.

Only the seasons vary. I have wandered to this sculpture, which meets you at eye level, when it was covered in a dusting of snow, when it was darkened by summer foliage in the trees overhead, when it was bathed in sunlight, and when it was being washed by a cold drizzle. It stays constant, the wonderful kiss and embrace never ending, the forms unfailingly bold and soothing. Even as its limestone surface alters with age, the pitting and fading do

A visit to Montparnasse prompts a reflection on the refined abstraction and complex romance of Brancusi's *The Kiss*

BY NICHOLAS FOX WEBER



The Kiss marks the grave of a young Russian anarchist who died for love.

not mar the majesty of the forms. Nothing will pull those arms away from one another; nothing will affect the love of the two figures merged into one.

This past July, however, I went to the Montparnasse Cemetery not to look at art but to attend the funeral of a beloved friend, the gallerist Denise René. When I went through the cemetery gates, *The Kiss* was far from my conscious mind. I was too much in the modern world and concentrated on thoughts about the 99-year-old woman who had died.

Denise was unlike any other art dealer I have ever met in her fidelity to a particular artistic approach. Her life's cause was geometric abstraction—the French sometimes use the term *art construit*—but I think of it as “École de Denise René.” I cannot name another category that links her best-known artists—Le Corbusier, Jean Arp, Josef Albers, and Victor Vasarely—with Aurélie Nemours, Yaacov Agam, George Rickey, Richard Mortensen, and Jesus Rafael Soto, as well as a number of lesser-known abstract artists, many of them still quite young.

Starting more than 50 years ago, Denise developed a loyal client base, and she worked like a dynamo to get her

artists into museums, to put their work in front of the critics, and to make a decent living not just for herself but for her painters and sculptors, without ever following a trend or compromising her judgment. This is why she is the only gallerist whose vision has served as the basis of a major exhibition at the Pompidou Center, and why more than one minister of culture awarded her the official honors that the French are so good at.

In 1943, when Resistance members she knew wanted to hold a meeting, Denise offered them her gallery on the rue La Boétie. It was in the center of a neighborhood where there were SS and gestapo officers at every turn and therefore, she reasoned, was the most unlikely spot for such a meeting and would not be suspected. She stood guard at the entrance that evening, and although she never actually met Jean-Paul Sartre, he was one of the people who filed past her to participate in the effort to liberate France.

I arrived at the cemetery for Denise's burial about 45 minutes early, so I decided to go for a walk just to be alone with my memories and to try to understand how I could feel sad about a death that was clearly not tragic. Then I remembered that *The Kiss* was at the other side of the cemetery, and I went to pay it a visit.

In front of the pale limestone sculpture, I realized, in a completely unexpected way, a truth I had long known via Denise. Refined abstraction and complex romance, rather than being antithetical, make perfect partners. I had never before put together the way that intellectual rigor and playful flirtatiousness can be allies. Denise embodied that pairing as a mortal human being. *The Kiss* exemplifies it for all time.

Brancusi—like Arp, Albers, and the others in Denise's stable of artists—relished simplicity. Who else could articulate an embrace in so few forms? Who else could reduce the lines to such an absolute minimum and render the weight of stone ethereal in its lightness while depicting a human relationship with all its complexity? What Brancusi did with the intertwining of human arms, rendered in the lean vocabulary of Cycladic art, speaks volumes, wordlessly.

Sidney Geist, a sculptor and Brancusi scholar, once wrote, "In the total embrace of the Montparnasse Kiss, we witness a scene so sweet and stately that it is often not recognized for what it is. In all except primitive art, there is probably no representation of the sexual act that is at once so undisguised and so discreet."

This is the purest of geometric sculptures, yet the bodies are completely lithe, and the eyes, which are represented so sparsely, meet with an infinity of emotion. "Only connect," E. M. Forster wrote as the first words of *Howards End*. This stylized sculpture, a cube of stone, is the essence of connection. So was Denise René. A love of simplicity is the perfect companion to a love of love.

Beneath the sculpture is an ivy-covered tombstone. On the stone is an old photograph of a young Russian anarchist, Tania Rachevskaya, and a worn inscription in Cyrillic. Brancusi carved the sculpture in 1907, three and a half years after his arrival, at age 29, from Romania, a journey he had made mostly on foot. It was his third variation on the theme but the first to include the entire bodies of the two figures. A friend of the sculptor's, a Romanian doctor, asked Brancusi for a work to put on Rachevskaya's grave after her suicide, in 1908, over an unhappy love affair with him. Brancusi told him to take what he wanted, and *The Kiss* was his choice. Brancusi would make further variations on the subject, but for me, this one in situ is the most moving.

For 15 minutes, I stood transfixed. The sculpture gave me a

feeling of equilibrium I had not expected that day. Then I walked back to the spot where Denise's funeral procession was about to begin. A crowd of artists, museum directors, collectors, and family members had assembled, and there was a bit of social hobnobbing. We heard some fine speakers talk about the breadth of Denise's achievements and her personal charm and watched as her casket was lowered into the ground. Then the mourners, led by family members, formed a line. As we approached the grave, each of us was handed a red rose to drop on the casket.

Just after Brancusi's funeral, Henri-Pierre Roché, who had been a close friend of the sculptor's for 40 years, wrote an account of the event for those who were unable to attend. "In the Montparnasse Cemetery, on that beautiful spring day . . . we

filed past his open grave, and let drop upon him, one by one, the white flowers that a hand put into ours," Roché wrote. "We all went together, to the furthest end of the cemetery, at the corner of the Boulevard Edgar Quinet and the Boulevard Raspail, to see the statue made by him that stands there. In its soft patina of time. It is naked, simple, overwhelming and calming. It represents not one couple but all the couples who have adored and gripped each other tight on this earth. It had been, he said, his road to Damascus. For the first time, he had expressed the essential in himself."

Symmetry and balance can be the best friends of lust and tenderness. ■

Nicholas Fox Weber, executive director of the Josef and Anni Albers Foundation, is writing a biography of Mondrian.



Gallerist Denise René. She never followed a trend or compromised her judgment.

Salon Culture

Chicago artist Dzine elevates the custom craft of bedazzled nails, lowrider bicycles, and trophies to fine art

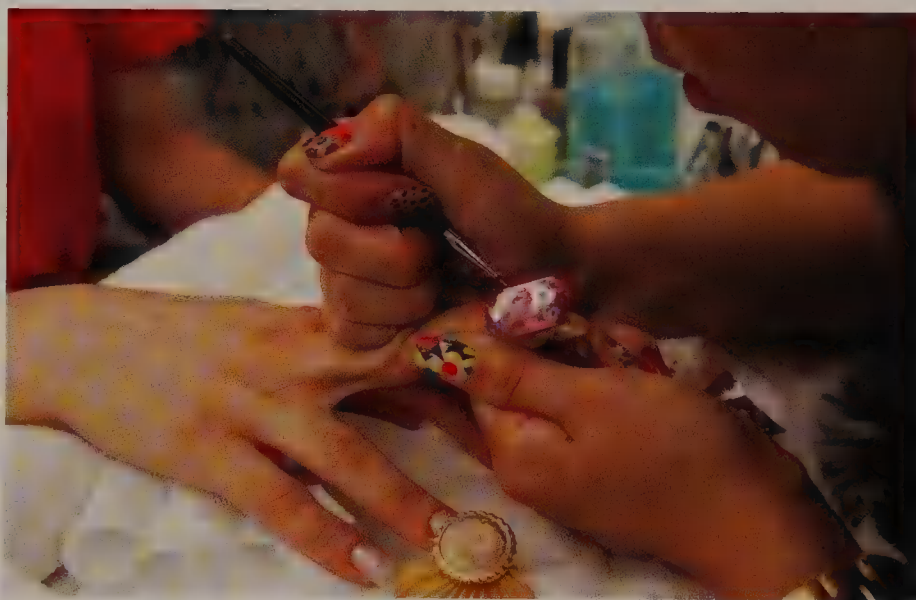
BY RACHEL WOLFF



Raised in a Puerto Rican household, Dzine makes art that pays homage to his upbringing.

Though they are precisely shaped, carefully painted, and artfully adorned, acrylic nails—and the application thereof—have rarely been associated with high culture or fine art. But for 43-year-old Chicago artist Carlos Rolon (who goes by a moniker from his graffiti days, Dzine), ultra-ornate falsies have become something of a calling card—avatars for his smart, Pop-savvy blend of street and gallery cultures.

Dzine's debut solo show of sculptural works crafted from dense arrangements of costume jew-



Hired manicurists decorated visitors' nails for *Get Nailed at the New Museum*, 2011.

elry at New York's Salon 94 gallery in the fall of 2011 included a for-hire manicurist, stationed at the nearby New Museum, who studded visitors' nails with plastic tchotchkes and chains. Dzine's subsequent Art Basel Miami Beach installation, *Imperial Nails*, was similar: he converted a Standard Hotel suite into a set resembling his childhood living room, where his mother ran a bootleg salon. He installed several nail artists inside it, transforming the event's related festivities into an unlikely platform for the nail artists' over-the-top designs. Yet another iteration of the salon will feature prominently in a group exhibition this spring at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art.

Dzine loves the idea of inducting a new community of nail artists, as well as longtime wearers of their work, into the art world. "I hope people can



Custom Middle Finger Ring for Ex-Lovers (Charlotte), 2011, incorporates 24-karat gold leaf, Swarovski crystals, and mirrors.

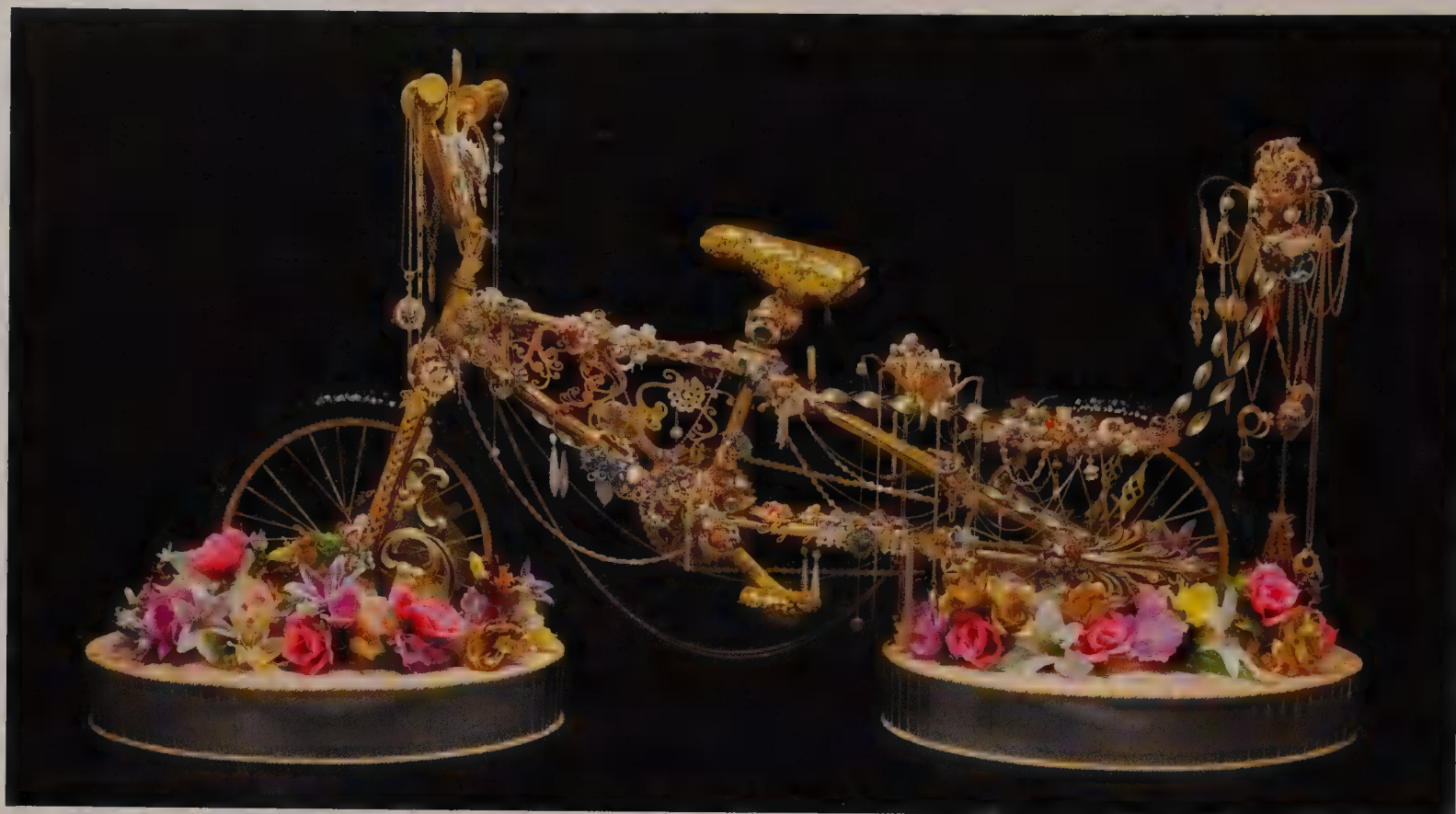
look at it from a performance-art aspect, a sculptural aspect," he says, perched behind a hulking desk during my visit to his large, factory-like Chicago studio. He is actively preserving the work and legacy of nail artists, as well: he has collaborated with Standard Press, the Standard Hotel's publishing imprint, to produce *Nailed*, a hefty tome that traces nail art's ancient roots and documents its most striking manifestations from around the world.

A finished product of the public performance *Get Nailed at the New Museum*.

BELOW *La Casa de Mi Abuela*, 2011, has a video screen embedded in its seat.

"I am so humbled by the response to my work," Dzine says, though he is not necessarily surprised. He has been exhibiting his art—which took the form of swirling, painted abstractions in its earliest days—for the last decade, and, as he puts it, "My train has been on schedule since I was 14." But with his gallery-installed *Imperial Nails* salons, something most certainly clicked. "When you make work that is honest and there is a story behind it and it's relevant, it's going to show. And it's





ABOVE *Voodoo*, 2012, is a tricked-out bicycle covered in found objects.

RIGHT *Voodoo* (detail).

LEFT *Voodoo* (detail), with gold and silk flowers attached to the frame.



going to show via the response from the public as well," he explains.

Raised in a Puerto Rican household in what he calls a "gang-infested neighborhood" on Chicago's southwest side, Dzine packed boxed lunches as a kid and trekked over to the Art Institute and the hyper-contemporary Smart Museum of Art at the University of Chicago, tending toward Pop-inflected work by the likes of New York street artist Richard Hambleton and fellow Chicagoan Ed Paschke. "A lot of the process was self-discovery," Dzine explains. In high school he took art classes, all the while devouring books about 1970s- and '80s-era New York punk and graffiti subcultures. By the time he enrolled at Chicago's artsy Columbia College, he says, "I found that what they were teaching me was stuff I already taught myself at a young age—how to look at art, what was happening in the art world." So he dropped out.

Graffiti tags and murals soon gave way to large, abstract paintings. He had his first solo exhibition

at Chicago's then-nascent Monique Meloche Gallery in 2002, followed by outings at galleries and museums in Tokyo, Madrid, and Paris. One year after his inclusion in a group exhibition at the 2007 Venice Biennale, Jeffrey Deitch gave him a solo show; he is currently represented by Salon 94 in New York, Leeahn Gallery in Seoul, SCAI the Bathhouse in Tokyo, and Galerie Henrik Springmann in Berlin.

Dzine's recent sculptures, installations, and paintings are dominated by his signature mix of high and low, personal and universal, modest and baroque. Many of the works are destined for the Dallas Contemporary, where his largest solo show to date opens on January 19.



If *Imperial Nails* was an homage to his mother and her less-than-legal salon, Dzine's Dallas commission, an exhibition titled "Victory," is a tribute to his father, with work inspired by his quirks, passions, and cultural identity, as well as other elements of the artist's upbringing. *Club Gallistico*, a new sculpture in which two brass roosters face off on a cracked-glass coffee table, and *Untitled (Marranoz)*, a framed custom satin robe, are nods toward the boxing matches that Dzine and his father watched nightly on TV. Gold-leaf paintings studded with broaches, earrings, and found nameplates dangling from gold chains are artful riffs on his father's penchant for loud jewelry—and lots of it.

The Dallas show will also include several of Dzine's garishly customized cars—sculptural, high-sheen Dada takes on the MTV show *Pimp My Ride*. But the piece the artist seems most fixated on every time we speak is the exhibition's namesake, *Victory*, an altar-like installation of remixed trophies. The work was in its earliest stages when I saw it in the studio, with trophies dismantled into their various parts and sitting atop a workstation situated between Dzine's on-site woodshop and a well-ventilated painting area (he uses toxic automotive paint in his two-dimensional works from time to time). A staff of five—some interns, some assistants—was dispersed throughout the space, proof of the artist's efforts to minimize reliance on out-of-house fabrication. "I have complete control over everything built here," Dzine says.

Victory is tinged with the same sort of nostalgia that suffuses *Imperial Nails*. "Sports were also my way of connecting with my dad when I was a child," Dzine recalls. "And one of the best memories I have as a child was winning my first trophy, a baseball trophy. It was this amazing feeling—I knew I had earned it. I still have it today. I wanted to bring out that same feeling in other people, too."

The enamel interior of *La Perla*, 2008, a custom lowrider boat.

***Emigrants/Immigrants*, 2012, part of a recent body of work titled "Victory."**

To that end, he decided to fire off an e-mail to his friends, family, and colleagues asking if they'd allow him to incorporate their own gilded keepsakes into his sculpture. His request has been largely successful: one artist friend handed over a cache of bowling trophies he had saved since his father's death, and others donated various tokens of their athletic accomplishments. "The objects all have stories behind them," Dzine says, "and I wanted to keep those stories alive."

He doesn't take these holdings lightly. Yes, he and his team dismantled them—but only to put them back together in ways that entice audiences, and allow the trophies' original owners to look at them anew. The objects in *Victory* sit on neon-colored and velvet-sheathed wooden bases, and they are studded with rhinestones, wrapped in sequins, and draped with costume jewelry and gold chains. "I wanted them to have a monumental feel to them," Dzine says—like they did when he was a kid.

The installation also "harkens back to a time where trophies had some substance and meaning, and there was craftsmanship behind them," according to the artist—a time when they were made of real wood and heavy metal, all hand-engraved. "You just don't find them like that anymore," he adds. "Everyone gets one now." And it's typically made of plastic. ■

Rachel Wolff is a Brooklyn-based art writer, editor, and critic.



WALTON FORD: EARLY WORKS



A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

Oil on wood, 46 x 63 inches ▪ Titled on the reverse: A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN



FAKE (CAMP JACKSON, SOUTH CAROLINA 1950)

Oil on wood, 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 64 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches

Signed and dated on the reverse: WALTON FORD 1990

GUIDE

Oil on wood, 36 x 34 inches

Titled, signed and dated on the reverse: GUIDE/WALTON FORD/1988



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AUTHENTICATING PICASSO

Forty years after Picasso's death, while his paintings are among the most expensive ever sold, the problem of how to authenticate his work remains a challenge. To avoid mistakes, four of his five surviving heirs have clarified the process but have not included his elder daughter

BY GEORGE STOLZ

Picasso could be capricious when it came to authenticating his own work. On one occasion, he refused to sign a canvas he knew he had painted, saying, "I can paint false Picassos just as well as anybody." On another, he refused to sign an authentic painting, explaining to the woman who had brought it to him, "If I sign it now, I'll be putting my 1943 signature on a canvas painted in 1922. No, I cannot sign it, madam, I'm sorry." And on yet another occasion, an irked Picasso angrily covered a work brought to him for authentication with so many signatures that he defaced and effectively ruined it.

Even today, 40 years after Picasso's death, the question of how his heirs exercise their right under French law to authenticate his work is a knotty one.

Picasso was, by some estimates, one of the wealthiest men in the world when he died, in 1973. In the early 1980s, after years of legal wrangling and well-publicized squabbling over the settlement of his estate, his heirs established a committee to officially authenticate his works. In 1993, however, that



Picasso gives his eight-year-old son Claude
■ a drawing lesson, 1955.

committee was disbanded after disputes among the heirs over the authenticity of a set of drawings. Afterward, two of the heirs—Picasso's daughter Maya Widmaier-Picasso and son Claude Ruiz-Picasso—began issuing certificates of authenticity independent of one another. This created a situation that dealers say has been time-consuming and awkward, particularly because auction houses, faced with dual (and dueling) authentication options, were increasingly requiring certificates from both heirs.

That state of affairs changed last September when four of Picasso's five surviving heirs—

Claude, Paloma Picasso, Bernard Ruiz-Picasso, and Marina Ruiz-Picasso—circulated a letter announcing the establishment of a new procedure for authenticating works by the artist. The letter states that all requests for authentication should henceforth be addressed to Claude, specifying that

George Stolz is an ARTnews contributing editor and Madrid correspondent.

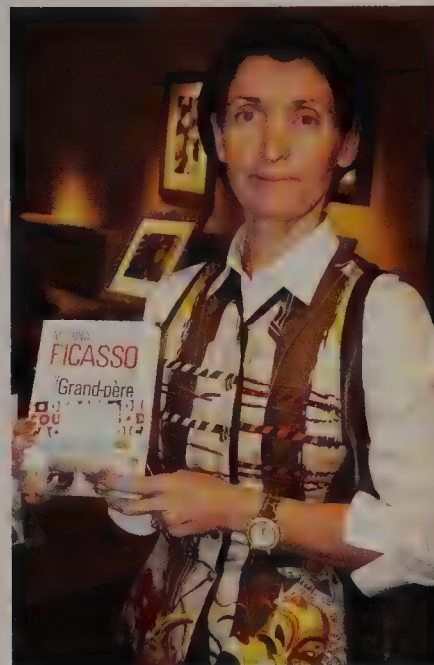


FAR LEFT Claude Picasso at the opening of "Picasso Minotauro" at the Reina Sofia in Madrid, 2000.
LEFT Paloma Picasso poses at an Yves Saint Laurent exhibition in Madrid, 2011.



RIGHT Françoise Gilot, Bernard Picasso, and Diana Widmaier-Picasso at the Guggenheim Museum last year.

FAR RIGHT Marina Picasso promotes her book about her grandfather in a Cannes bookstore, 2002.



LEFT Maya Widmaier-Picasso at an exhibition devoted to Picasso's father, José Ruiz Blasco, in the house in which Picasso was born, Malaga, 2004.

"only his opinions shall be fully and officially acknowledged by the undersigned." Among the undersigned, however, one signature was conspicuously absent: that of Maya, the artist's elder daughter.

According to Bernard, the decision to designate Claude as the sole authenticator was made in order to simplify the authentication process and clarify it for the sake of the Picasso market. Certificates are increasingly required for works being brought to sale, even when they are otherwise documented, Bernard said. At the same time, substantial numbers of previously undocumented works by Picasso have been appearing on the market in recent years. In these circumstances, the existence of two different authenticators sharing the Picasso name has generated unnecessary and harmful confusion.

"Maya is Picasso's daughter, but the art world has changed, and we all know how serious this issue has become," Bernard told *ARTnews* in a telephone interview from Brussels, where he lives. "People have been asking why they have to go to two places just to have a work authenticated. That is why we took the decision of sending that letter to the art world. The family board is the only authority—it's quite clear."

"Authenticity is a huge issue and is more and more complex, especially with all the fakes and forgeries and all the undocumented works coming into the market in the last few years," said Claudia Andrieu, legal counsel for the Picasso Administration (which manages the Picasso estate) and a close associate of Claude. "It is very important that there be one authority only for us to be able to protect the Picasso market."

Maya told *ARTnews* that she had not been consulted or informed about the decision. "I only found out when a friend told me," she said. "I nearly died." Others close to the Picasso family, however, describe a long-standing state of low-grade

tension between Maya and Claude over the issue of authentication, coupled with a long-term effort by Claude to enlist the support of his fellow heirs in consolidating the authentication process under his auspices. In addition, the 77-year-old Maya is said to have scaled back her activity, due to convalescence from a recent fall and other health issues. According to her son Olivier, she is "really not into authentications these days."

Several dealers and auctioneers contacted by *ARTnews* welcomed the announcement of the new Picasso authentication procedure, although they did so cautiously.

"Does this clarify things? I don't know," said Michael Findlay, director of the Acquavella Gallery. "Only time will tell."

"As an operator in the Picasso market, we will follow this directive," said Paul Gray, director of the Richard Gray Gallery in Chicago. "So I would say that Maya will probably not be sought out as an authority at this point. But whether her certificates from before this will be honored . . . the jury is still out."



Picasso's *Nude, Green Leaves and Bust*, 1932, sold at Christie's in 2010 for \$106.5 million.

When Picasso died on April 8, 1973, at age 91, he was survived by his widow, Jacqueline Roque, as well as children and grandchildren from various relationships. Roque died in 1986, and Picasso's son Paulo (his only legitimate child,

born to his first wife, Olga Khokhlova, in 1921) died in 1975. The surviving heirs are Picasso's three other children—Maya (born 1935), the daughter of Marie-Thérèse Walter, with whom the artist had a long relationship; Claude (born 1947) and Paloma (born 1949), the children of another long-time mistress, the painter and writer Françoise Gilot; and two grandchildren, Marina (born 1950) and her half-brother, Bernard (born 1959), the children of Paulo.

These five blood relatives span several generations, were raised in different households, and have frequently been

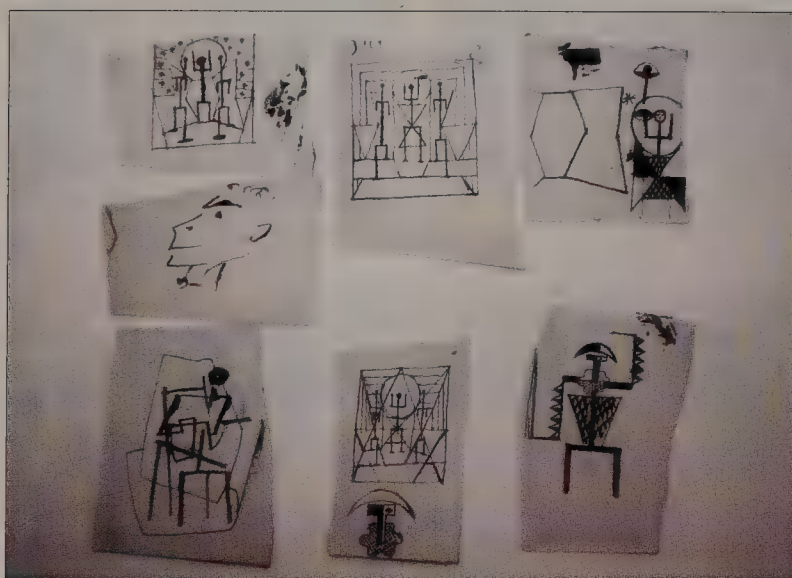
estranged from one another and from Picasso himself. Today, they constitute the Succession Picasso (the estate). In an attempt to put an end to their persistent legal conflicts, a French court appointed Claude legal administrator of the estate in 1989. Claude later established the Picasso Administration, the organization that manages, on behalf of the estate, the heirs' jointly owned interests and intellectual property rights deriving from Picasso's work, name, and person.

These include the *droit de suite*, or resale rights, as well as reproduction rights—in brief, the right to authorize reproductions of Picasso's works and to issue merchandizing licenses, while simultaneously monitoring the use of Picasso images and legally prosecuting cases of unauthorized use. According to Adrieu, in recent years the *droit du suite* rights have generated approximately €150,000 (\$192,000) annually, while annual merchandizing revenues have approached €5 million (\$6.4 million). These revenues, she pointed out, are offset by high legal costs, particularly those incurred in pursuing frequent cases of unauthorized reproduction.

The right to authenticate Picasso's work, however, is considered an inherited moral right, or *droit moral*. Only individual heirs have this right. When Claude exercises his *droit moral* to authenticate works by his father, he does so as an individual heir (as does Maya), not in his capacity as the estate administrator. Under French law, an artist's descendants are presumed to have an



A trove of undocumented works came as an unpleasant surprise to the heirs



Retired electrician Pierre Le Guennec and some of the 271 works, worth \$80 million, he claims were gifts from Picasso and his wife in return for electrical repairs.

innate understanding of—or at least a privileged firsthand familiarity with—the art created by their progenitor, and are thus entitled to issue certificates of authenticity.

Marina, Paloma, and Bernard do not venture into matters of authentication (although Bernard has published studies of Picasso ceramics, and Marina has written memoirs about her grandfather). Maya and Claude, however, have been alternately authenticating—and occasionally challenging each other's authentications—for years.

Of all the heirs, Maya spent the most time with Picasso. She has specialized in his drawings, although she also authenticates works in other media. She has described her authentication procedures as intuitive, saying, "I'm like Hercule Poirot." Some Picasso specialists refer to her unacademic methods and complain about her slow responses to authentication requests; however, many also emphasize her scrupulousness and honesty, and say that her years of experience and her deep feeling for her father's work—she told *ARTnews* about her girlhood memories of her father teaching her to draw—have developed into genuine connoisseurship.

Claude's methods are said to be very different. (Claude declined to be interviewed directly for this article, referring questions to Andrieu.) As head of the Picasso Administration, he is the most visible of the heirs; he also has access to the Administration's archives, library, and contacts. According to Christine Pinault, Claude's assistant at the Administration, he receives approximately 500

requests for authentication per year. Only a fraction of the works submitted are authentic. Most are reproductions that owners mistake for originals; some are by other artists; only a few are outright forgeries. Pinault and Andrieu said that Claude frequently consults with outside experts they declined to name. "His research is huge," Pinault said.

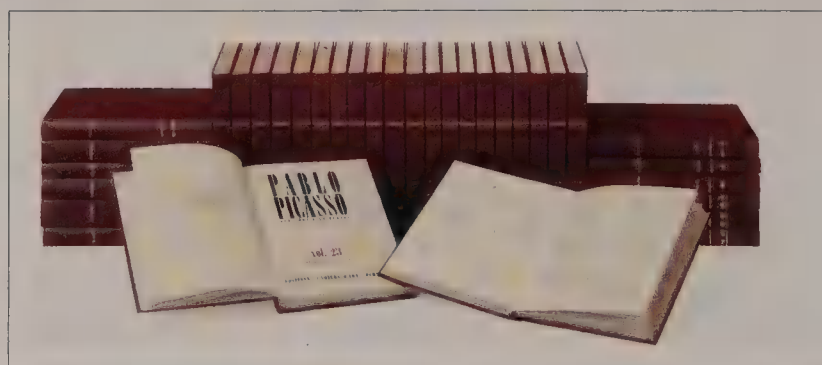
"We have been suffering through this," said the European director of an international auction house, who asked not to be identified. "To have something certified, you have had to get two different people to agree—and two people who don't get along with each other personally. In simple, practical terms, it's been impossible. It can take months and months just to get an answer. That's just not the way it works when there's an auction scheduled or someone wants to buy or sell a painting."

"The market will always recognize a certificate from the Picasso family and will give it weight," said David Nash of Mitchell-Innes & Nash Gallery. "It's not the only way, but it's the way the market works."

Part of the backdrop for the current state of Picasso authentication is the remarkable trove of previously undocumented artworks by the artist that surfaced in 2010 in the hands of a retired French electrician named Pierre Le Guennec and his wife. The existence of the works came to light when the Le Guennecs approached Claude, requesting authentications. The



Picasso scholars are creating online compilations to supplement the indispensable 'Zervos'



ABOVE Picasso with Christian Zervos, author of a 33-volume catalogue of the artist's works, in 1968. Two photos from the catalogue show sculptures made in the 1930s.

works—271 in total, with an estimated worth of more than \$80 million—date from 1900 to 1932 and include Cubist paintings, lithographs, notebooks, a Blue Period watercolor, and a rare set of nine Cubist collages. Le Guennec said that he had been given the works by Picasso and his wife Jacqueline Roque in the early 1970s after installing a burglar alarm system and making a variety of electrical repairs to Picasso's properties. He claimed he had kept them in the garage at his home outside Cannes for nearly 40 years.

Claude examined the works and accepted their authenticity but not their provenance and alerted French police, who indicted the Le Guennecs for possession of stolen property. The artworks were seized and are being held in a vault in the Banque de France in Paris by the French police's art-trafficking division. Meanwhile, the case continues under investigation, according to Jean-Jacques Neuer, a lawyer for the Picasso family and Charles-Etienne Gudin, lawyer for the Le Guennecs.

The situation quickly grew more complex when links were discovered connecting Le Guennec to an earlier case involving Picasso's late chauffeur, bodyguard, and frequent model, Maurice Bresnu, who became known to the art world when he began selling Picasso artworks in the late 1980s, works which he said Picasso had given him by the boxful as a token of friendship. Hundreds of those works have been

sold in galleries and at auction; many more are suspected of having been sold privately. The Picasso heirs did not challenge Bresnu's acquisition of the works legally at the time (he died in 1991). Christie's even auctioned off works from what was called "The Bresnu Collection" in 1998 (with Picasso biographer John Richardson writing the introduction to the auction catalogue). However, according to Neuer and numerous published reports in the French press, the current Le Guennec investigation has uncovered information linking the case suspiciously to Bresnu.

Le Guennec was a first cousin of Bresnu's late wife, Jacqueline, and it was Bresnu who introduced Le Guennec into the Picasso household—details that Le Guennec did not include in his initial accounts of his relationship to Picasso. Moreover, when Jacqueline Bresnu died without heirs, in 2009, what remained of the Bresnu collection was inherited by Le Guennec and his siblings. These works—some 20 pieces dating from 1967 to 1973—were scheduled to be auctioned in late 2010 at Drouot, in Paris, with Pierre Blanchet as auctioneer (and with Maya's certificates of authenticity), but the auction was called off at the last minute as the details of the Le Guennec-Bresnu connection began to emerge. Blanchet announced at the time that there was no problem with the provenance or the authenticity of the works, and that the auction would be rescheduled within months. However, as of press time, the auction has not yet been rescheduled, pending the conclusion of the investigation of Le Guennec.

Bresnu's lawyer, Gudin, told *ARTnews* that the Picasso heirs' attempts to link Bresnu to the Le Guennec's works are tenuous and farfetched. He said that the Picasso heirs never officially claimed that the works in the Bresnu Collection were stolen and in fact publicly endorsed the works' provenance.

"It seems improbable to be in the hands of a simple electrician," Gudin said in a telephone interview from Bordeaux. "But it is equally improbable to allege stolen property. If Bresnu had had them, he would have sold them immediately. They are much more valuable than anything he had."

It was an earlier chapter of "L'affaire Bresnu" and the role in it of Picasso's signature that triggered the disbanding of the Picasso authentication committee in the first place. Bresnu placed a series of 44 signed Picasso drawings up for sale. Marina Picasso's representative, Jan Krugier, had vouched for the drawings; Claude deemed them to be fakes; Maya considered the

drawings authentic but thought the signatures were forgeries. Maya's opinion prevailed, and, in an ironic twist, the signatures were erased so that the works themselves could be considered authentic. They were duly sold, and in the fallout that followed the dispute among the heirs, the Picasso committee ceased to exist, setting the stage for the scattered authentication procedures that ensued.

Given the stakes, both commercial and art historical, with regard to the question of Picasso authentication, many of those in the art world question why the heirs (none of whom are trained art historians) have not established a centralized committee beyond themselves to handle authentications, to draw on the expertise offered by the vast and highly developed field of Picasso studies.

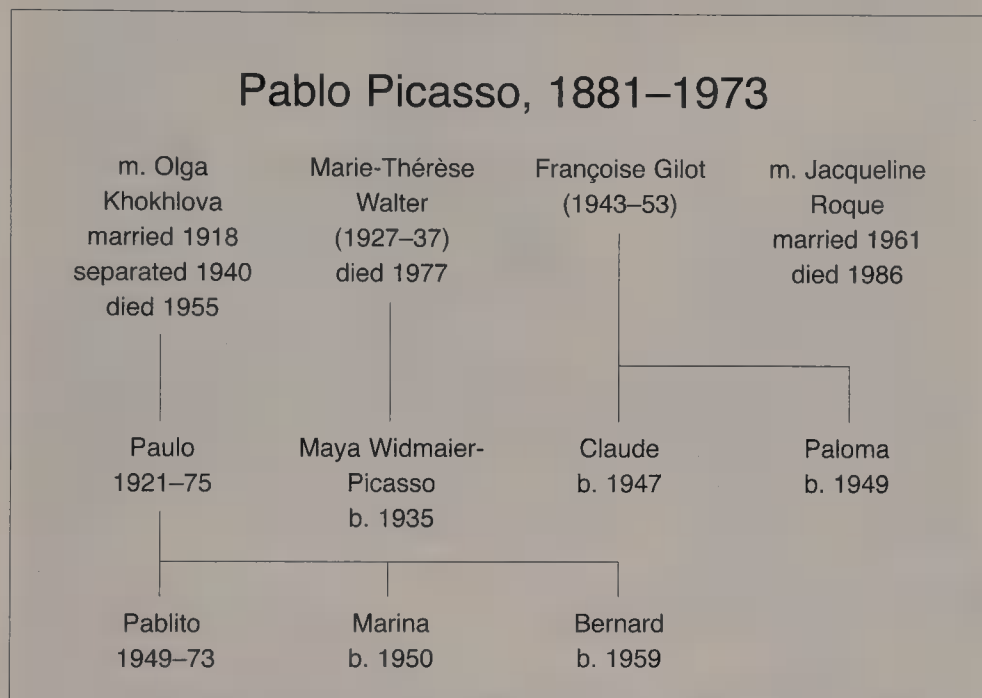
"There was a committee of heirs, and it was a mess," said Emmanuel Benador, a private dealer in New York and formerly of the Krugier Gallery, which handled Marina's collection. "It would be better to have a few people, even just a few, who really know the work and could work together as a stable group."

A complicating factor in Picasso authentication is the absence of a comprehensive and reliable catalogue raisonné of Picasso's output. Although Picasso's life was documented "down to each and every sneeze," according to art dealer Michael Findlay, no single

catalogue raisonné exists of his enormous body of work—estimates run as high as 50,000 works created over more than 75 years—with different periods and media documented and catalogued to greater or lesser degrees.

The 33-volume catalogue compiled by Christian Zervos, commonly referred to simply as "Zervos," is the closest to an overall catalogue raisonné. Zervos was a Greek-born art-book publisher in France who, beginning in 1929, working closely with the artist, photographically catalogued Picasso's works when they left the studio. The first volume appeared in 1932, coinciding with Picasso's first retrospective exhibition; the final supplements appeared in 1978, after both men were deceased.

While "Zervos" is the most commonly cited reference to Picasso's works, assessments of its usefulness vary widely: specialists consulted by *ARTnews* described it as anything from "pretty complete" to "incomplete" to "very incomplete" to "woefully incomplete." In general, it is accepted as systematic and thorough with regard to the material it includes, and it offers the



The Picasso family tree. His heirs span several generations and were frequently estranged from one another and from Picasso himself.

advantage of presenting the work as Picasso himself intended. But it is also described as an index more than a proper catalogue, lacking such information as dimensions and provenance. Its 13,000 entries do not include a large portion of Picasso's production, most notably the thousands of works he kept for himself (many of which his heirs inherited). John Richardson, in his *A Life of Picasso: The Triumphant Years*, characterizes Zervos's entries as "scanty and often unreliable," but also calls the catalogue "a godsend to scholars, collectors, curators, dealers, students, not to mention fakers."

"We really need something to update 'Zervos,'" said Valentina Castellani, a director at Gagosian Gallery who has worked on Picasso exhibitions such as "Picasso and Françoise Gilot" last year. "A catalogue raisonné is a fundamental tool, not only for dealers but also for scholars. But 'Zervos' is not a catalogue raisonné. Too many works are not in it, such as what came through the family."

Other Picasso sources that specialists say are reliable—although only within the specific areas and periods they document—include Pierre Daix's studies of the early work, which are said to be "impeccable"; Brigitte Baer's six-volume catalogue of the graphic work, described by more than one dealer as a "bible"; David Douglas Duncan's photographic records of the work in Picasso's last studios, which provide an important and intimate counter-version to "Zervos"; and Werner Spies's catalogues of the sculptures (although Spies, a former director of the Pompidou Center, has seen his reputation tarnished in a scandal involving his erroneous certifications of forgeries of works by Max Ernst.)

In addition, some dealers and auction houses say they are increasingly using the San Francisco-based Picasso Project, a small in-progress photographic catalogue of Picasso's complete body of work. Begun under the auspices of the renowned Picasso specialist Herschel B. Chipp (who died in 1992) and released by Alan Wofsy Fine Arts, the Picasso Project has thus far published 25 of a projected 28 volumes. The books are

small and printed in editions of 750, priced at \$150 each. The most recent were the *Rose Period* and the *Complete Linoleum Cuts*, both published in 2012; the *African Period* is scheduled for publication later this year.

According to editor Alan Hyman, the Picasso Project was granted a license by the Picasso heirs to publish a comprehensive catalogue of Picasso's work. The heirs later sought to rescind that agreement, Hyman said, and a French court ruled in their favor, but a New York court upheld the Picasso Project's countersuit for breach of contract. An uneasy truce

and settlement were finally reached in 2000, giving the Picasso Project unique and unprecedented blanket permission to continue publishing reproductions of Picasso's work, but also obligating it to include disclaimers that the books are not officially endorsed by the Succession Picasso.

Another in-progress Picasso catalogue that some dealers and specialists cite is the On-line Picasso Project, which began in 1997 and is based at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, Texas. Directed by Enrique Mallen, the On-line Picasso Project compiles material from published sources and makes them available on the Internet. According to Mallen, the Picasso Administra-

tion initially attempted to have the On-line Picasso Project shut down, but since it is an academic, nonprofit venture that draws exclusively from previously published material—a concordance of books and catalogues—the heirs' attempt failed, and the project continues. Aided by a combination of university funding and grants, the On-line Picasso Project has thus far catalogued nearly 25,000 works by Picasso, at a steady rate of about 1,000 per year.

Andrieu said that the Picasso Administration does not support or authorize the work of the Picasso Project or the On-line Picasso Project.

In recent years, Maya's daughter Diana Widmaier-Picasso, who has established herself as a Picasso authority in her own right, has been preparing a catalogue raisonné of Picasso's sculptures. Diana is a trained art historian who received a



"Picasso and Marie-Thérèse: L' Amour Fou" at Gagosian Gallery in 2011, co-curated by Diana Widmaier-Picasso and biographer John Richardson.

Despite the as-yet-unresolved issues of Picasso authentication the Picasso market is robust, to say the least

master's degree from the Sorbonne, where she specialized in Old Master drawings, and later worked at the Metropolitan Museum and Sotheby's. She told *ARTnews* that she is currently completing the first volume of a projected four-volume sculpture catalogue (which may also extend to an online version). Gagosian initially funded the project, but it is now funded entirely by her. Working with three researchers from a Paris office, Diana said that over the last ten years she has also been compiling a database of Picasso works: at this point it includes information on 27,000 works in various media. She has also published studies of Picasso and cocurated (with John Richardson) the exhibition "Picasso and Marie-Thérèse: L'Amour Fou" at Gagosian two years ago.

According to a number of auction houses and dealers, Diana is regularly consulted with regard to Picasso sculptures, and her opinions are generally seen as reliable. However, according to some Picasso specialists familiar with the family, Diana's growing authority has disconcerted Claude and other members of the Succession Picasso, and added further impetus for last September's decision to centralize the authentication process under Claude's supervision.

Andrieu said the Picasso Administration has no involvement with Diana's research; Diana, however, told *ARTnews* that she and the Picasso Administration are "always in contact" and that they "share knowledge and work together in order to preserve Pablo Picasso's oeuvre."

Despite the unresolved issues of Picasso authentication, one thing all players agree on is that the Picasso market is robust, to say the least. Paintings by Picasso are among the most expensive ever sold at auction: *Garçon à la Pipe*, a 1905 canvas sold at Sotheby's for \$104.2 million in 2004, and *Nude, Green Leaves and Bust*, from 1932, sold for \$106.5 million at Christie's in 2010. Picasso dealers say that the market for his work is global, rooted in Europe and the United States, but with growing sales to Brazilian and Chinese collectors. Certain periods are slightly more popular than others: the figurative works from the '30s, for example, are eagerly sought after, and works from the late period, which was once considered the artist's weakest, now find an avid market. But, in general, there is no aspect of Picasso that is not in demand. As Findlay says, "There's a buyer for every single thing Picasso ever made."

That his art, his person, and even his name would exercise

such a centrifugal force around the world might have surprised, but not necessarily displeased, Picasso himself, who, according to Richardson, maintained a curious fascination with his own signature.

"I used to watch him sign his name," said Richardson, who is completing the fourth and final volume of his monumental biography of Picasso. "Unlike most of us, who have a little scribble, each time Picasso signed it was as if for the first time. Most people sign their names in a very summary way. Picasso didn't. Every time was the first time." ■



Femme à la fenêtre (Marie-Thérèse), 1936, sold at Sotheby's last year for \$17.2 million. Six Picasso works in the sale fetched a combined total of \$81.3 million.

‘Unlike most of us, who have a little scribble, each time Picasso signed it was as if for the first time’

Japan's Postwar Art Wave

Museum and gallery shows on Mono-ha, Gutai, and other avant-garde movements in Japan from the '50s onward are shedding new light on an era previously unknown to the West

BY BARBARA POLLACK



Atsuko Tanaka, *Electric Dress*, 1956/refabricated 1986, synthetic paint on incandescent lightbulbs, electric cords, and control console. From "Gutai: Splendid Playground."

In the West, contemporary Asian art is often perceived as having developed in response to globalization and the proliferation of new art centers around the world over the past ten years. But Japan's contemporary-art history is actually far more complex and long-standing, going back at least as far as the end of World War II, the bombing of Hiroshima, and the U.S. military occupation. Surprisingly (to the Western audience at least), the art that came out of this period was not solely about destruction, but also about rebellion and self-determination.

Too little attention has been paid to Japan's postwar art in the West, with the exception of the groundbreaking 1994 exhibition "Scream Against the Sky," organized by the then-director of Japan Society Gallery, Alexandra Munroe, with the Guggenheim Museum, the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco, and the Japan Foundation, as well as the 2007 show "Art, Anti-Art, Non-Art: Experimentations in the Public Sphere in Postwar Japan, 1950–1970" at the Getty Museum.

Now, however, several important museum and gallery exhibitions are shedding new light on the era. In November, the Museum of Modern Art in New York opened "Tokyo 1955–1970: A New Avant-Garde," organized by associate curator Doryun Chong. In February the Guggenheim Museum will open "Gutai: Splendid Playground," curated by Munroe, now

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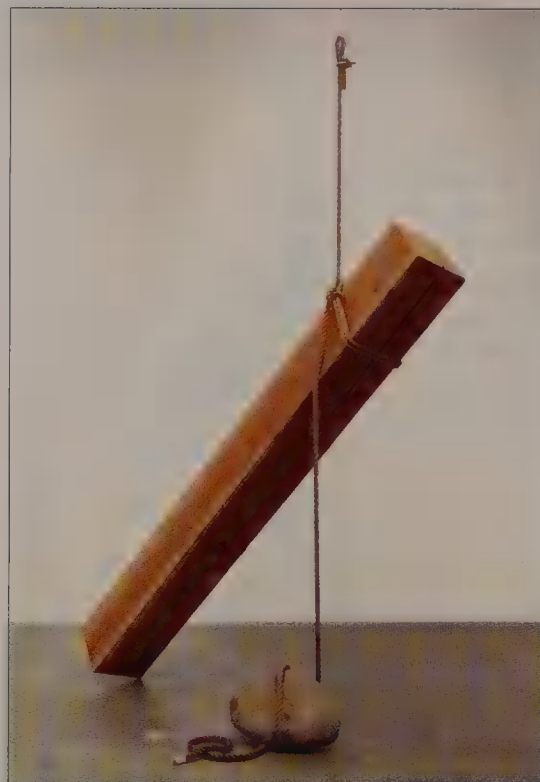
**Kazuo Shiraga, *Work II*, 1958, oil on paper.
From "Gutai: Splendid Playground."**

at the Guggenheim, and Ming Tiampo, associate professor of art history at Carleton University in Ottawa.

Elsewhere, "Destroy the Picture: Painting the Void, 1949–1962," an exhibition that featured an international array of artists, including Gutai participants, opened at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles this fall. L.A.'s Blum & Poe gallery organized an exhibition, "Requiem for the Sun: The Art of Mono-ha," last year, which later traveled to Barbara Gladstone Gallery in New York. Hauser & Wirth, also in New York, had a show of Gutai paintings in September, and Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art at SUNY Purchase, New Paltz, New York, presented "Shinohara Pops! The Avant-Garde Road, Tokyo/New York," curated by Hiroki Ikegami with Reiko Tomii.

Works by Gutai—an association of radical artists founded by Jiro Yoshihara, whose practices included shooting paint onto a canvas with a cannon and plunging through laminated rice-paper screens—can sell for as little as \$50,000 and as much as \$1 million, according to a sales associate at Hauser & Wirth. The group Mono-ha, made up of Minimalist

For consistency, we are printing surnames last.



**Katsuro Yoshida, *Cut-off (hang)*, 1969/1986,
wood, rope, and stone. From "Requiem for
the Sun: The Art of Mono-ha"**



ABOVE Jiro Yoshihara,
Work, 1965, oil on canvas.
From "A Visual Essay on
Gutai" at Hauser & Wirth.

RIGHT Nobuo Sekine,
Phase-Mother Earth,
1968/2012, earth and
cement. From "Requiem."





Hosoe Eikō, *Sickle-Toothed Weasel, No. 5*, ca. 1968, gelatin silver print, at MoMA.

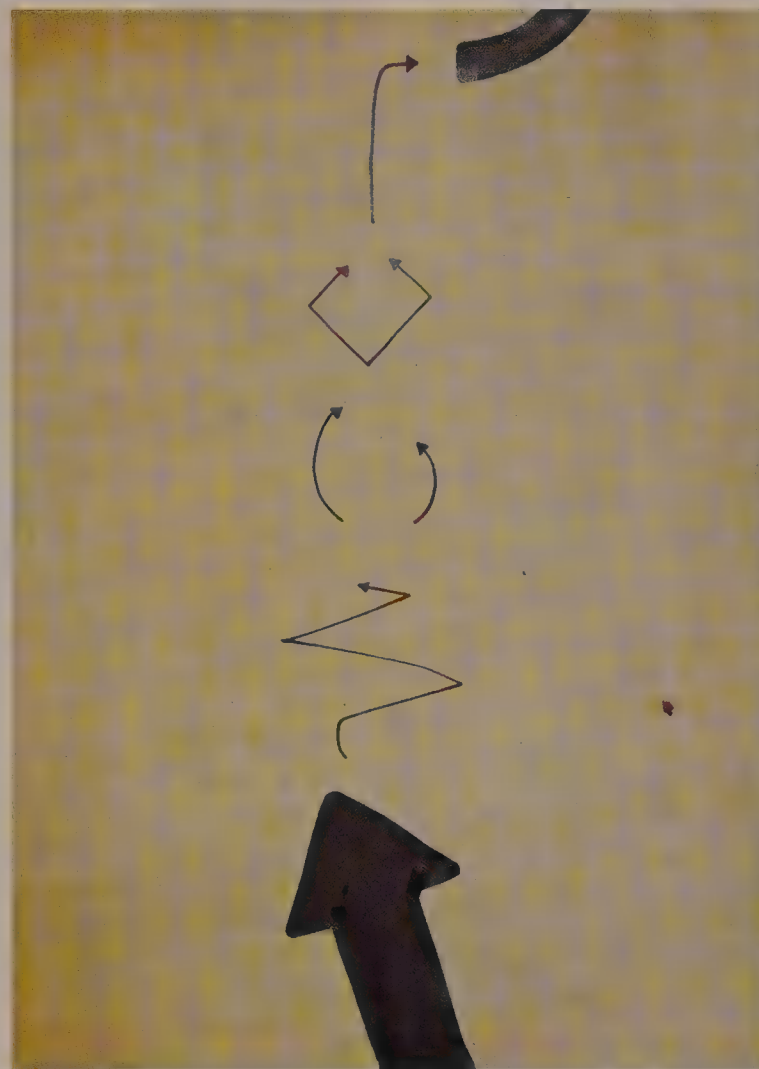
artists who favored sculptures composed of natural materials, has only recently developed a market, with prices running from \$300,000 to \$500,000. "It's as if no one in the West had shown *arte povera* and suddenly it was discovered," says Tim Blum of Blum & Poe, which recently opened a gallery in Japan. The Korean artist Lee Ufan, who was a key figure in Mono-ha and was the subject of a retrospective at the Guggenheim in 2011, is represented by Blum & Poe and Pace Gallery, where his minimalist canvases can sell for more than \$1 million.

"Since the '90s, Takashi Murakami and Nara have been darlings of the art world, but I don't think we have seen the full spectrum of art coming out of Japan," says MoMA curator Chong, whose exhibition includes works by 60 Tokyo artists, architects, and graphic designers who were all active from the late-'50s through the '60s. "Perhaps now the audience is ready to look at artists from a different part of the world in more historical terms, with movements that grew out of their own national conditions but were informed by international exchanges of ideas."

A number of factors during the postwar period, Chong explains, made Tokyo in particular a hotbed of artistic activity. First, Japan was recovering from a crushing defeat and an overhaul of deeply embedded cultural ideas—the emperor himself was stripped of his status as a deity. Second, Tokyo and much of the rest of Japan were going through a rapid reconstruction as the country was on its way to becoming an economic world leader. But perhaps most important, Japan already had a long modernist tradition that extended back to the 1870s, when the country opened its doors to the West. In short, Japanese artists had much to react to and comment on while also having a foundation in 20th-century modernist movements.

"Japan's wholesale reconstruction in the first postwar decade and the

Shozo Shimamoto, *Indicators*, 1953, ink on paper. From "A Visual Essay on Gutai."



period that followed was so thorough that it had to be engaged not only on the social and spatial strata, but also on the levels of the individual and of the body itself," writes Chong in his catalogue essay. Japanese artists responded to these changes by challenging art forms and exploring exhibition possibilities beyond traditional galleries and museums—showing in theaters, subway stations, and on the street.

While a surrealist style of figurative painting dominated the immediate postwar period, it was soon superseded by experimental performative events created by artists' collectives. Especially influential at this time was Jikken Kobo (Experimental Workshop), founded in 1951 by 14 people, among them artists, an architect, a lighting designer, an engineer, a composer, and a choreographer. Its inaugural event was *The Joy of Life*, a ballet set to music by leading European and American 20th-century composers that introduced a modern form of

Noh dance. Jikken Kobo, the subject of a retrospective at Bètonsalon in Paris last January, was in constant contact with artists in the West, including John Cage, who came to Japan at Yoko Ono's invitation in 1961. His visit caused such a sensation in Tokyo that the reaction was coined "Cage Shock." Other im-

portant groups included Hi-Red Center, the Sogetsu Ikebana School, and Tokyo Fluxus.

Yoko Ono and Yayoi Kusama—two artists who have emerged as international art stars—came of age during this period, but as women and frequent travelers to New York, they stood somewhat apart from this scene. Kusama, known for her stunningly obsessive paintings and environments covered in polka dots, was the subject of a major retrospective at Tate Modern and the Whitney Museum this past year. She lived in the United States from 1957 to 1973. Ono, who originally moved to New York with her family when she was a teenager and attended Sarah Lawrence College, spent two years in Japan in the early '60s, bringing with her the inspiration and ideas of Fluxus. Ono was the subject of a retrospective, "YES Yoko Ono," at the Japan Society in 2000–1.

"Bid farewell to these hoaxes piled up on the altars and in the palaces, the drawing rooms, and the antique shops . . . lock up these corpses in the graveyards," Jiro Yoshihara demanded in his 1956 Gutai Manifesto. Reflecting the evolution of the Japanese people from subjects of a war-oriented totalitarian regime to citizens of a democratic society, the Gutai Art Association created works that defied artistic traditions, through either the use of unconventional materials or the performative and unconventional ways in which they were made. During the early years of the group, Gutai member Kazuo Shiraga would wrestle in mud or hang from a ceiling while painting canvases with his feet; Shozo Shimamoto would crash through paper screens; and Atsuko Tanaka performed in her 1956 *Electric Dress*, made of lightbulbs.

"Gutai was acknowledged as coming first by all of the great heroes of avant-garde history, including Allan Kaprow in his groundbreaking 1966 book, *Assemblages, Environments and Happenings*," says Munroe, who was the first American curator to bring Gutai works to the United States. According to Munroe, Gutai's early period was a celebration of individuality, but its work in the 1960s challenged the blatant commercialism of Japanese society during its economic expansion, leading up to Expo '70. Gutai was also engaged in international dialogue with its peers in the West. The group distributed a highly influential journal to artists, critics, and curators throughout Eu-

rope and the United States, which led to the group being discovered by French critic Michel Tapié, a proponent of *art informel*. He met Yoshihara in 1957 in Japan and brought Gutai artworks to the Martha Jackson Gallery in New York, now the home of Hauser & Wirth. "Our own history of modern art," Munroe points out, "needs to have a wider conversation, because, in fact, if we look deeper into it, we find many intersections with Gutai, but they have been dismissed and forgotten."

"The struggle for freedom was uniquely felt in Japan at that time after World War II, and Jiro Yoshihara in his manifestos spoke about the spirit of freedom," says independent curator Midori Nishizawa, who organized Hauser & Wirth's show of Gutai paintings last fall. Often confused with Abstract Expressionism and sometimes criticized as being overly influenced by *art informel*, "Gutai artists' work challenges us to think about our own selves: how free are we?" says Nishizawa. "It speaks beyond the confines of art, and over the 15 years of their existence, they continually challenged the notion of freedom."

As former L.A. MOCA curator Paul Schimmel, who featured

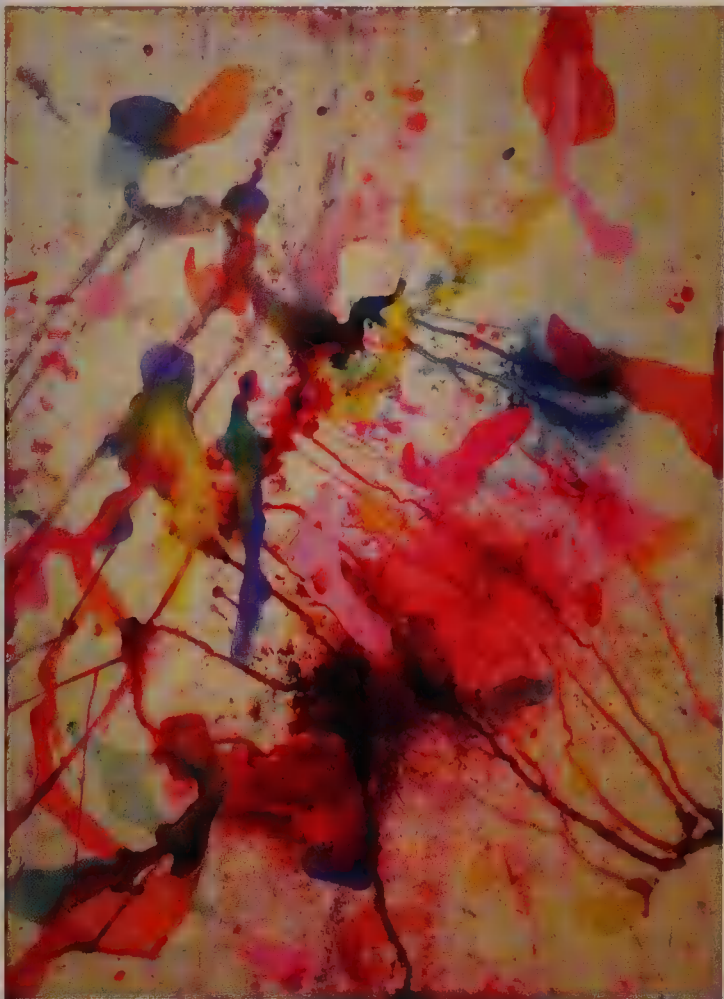
Gutai artists in the show "Destroy the Picture: Painting the Void," observes, "As unique as the experience of the war and the bomb is to Japan, Gutai also shares a common language with the

kind of destruction that was happening all over Europe, and, frankly, with the impact it had on artists." Schimmel believes it is a mistake to think of Gutai's paintings and other artworks as being derivative of Western art. Shiraga, painting with his feet, preceded Yves Klein's use of the body by several years. (Indeed, Klein visited Japan at the time.) And both Shimamoto and Saburo Murakami chose to puncture screens almost simultaneously with Lucio Fontana's slicing of canvases.

OPPOSITE Nobuaki Kojima, *Untitled (Figure)*, 1964 (top left), painted plaster and strips of cloth coated with polyethylene resin; Tsuruko Yamazaki, *Work*, 1956–57 (top right), dye and thinner on paper mounted on board and wrapped in plastic; Noriyuki Haraguchi, *Untitled (I-Beam and Wire Rope)*, 1970/2012 (bottom), I-beam and wire rope.



Tadanori Yokoo, *Diary of a Shinjuku Thief (Sōzōsha)*, 1968, screenprint, at MoMA.





Saburo Murakami, *Iriguchi (Entrance)*, 1955/2012, paper, with (from left) Murakami, *Sakuhin (Work)*, 1957, oil on canvas; Shozo Shimamoto, *Sakuhin (Ana) (Work [Holes])*, ca. 1950, paper and pencil on newspaper; and Lucio Fontana, *Concetto spaziale 52B 24*, 1952, oil on canvas. Installation at L.A. MOCA.

Works like these represent a radical departure for a country “that revered two-dimensional screen painting,” says Schimmel. Visitors to his show must step through *Entrance* (1955), a work created by delivering a karate chop to a thick paper screen. It must be re-created each time it is presented, and the artist, who is still alive but cannot travel, gave Schimmel permission to enact the work. “My first attempt was not successful,” Schimmel recalls. “The paper was much harder than I had

imagined, and I kind of bounced off it initially. This time, I made sure I hit it with all my force.”

Preserving such work and marketing it is a challenge, one faced by Blum of Blum & Poe, whose spring exhibition revived interest in a movement founded at the height of student protests in Japan in the late-’60s. Working with basic materials, such as stone, wood, glass, and raw industrial steel, Mono-ha artists made minimalist works that beg to be contemplated, plac-



Lee Ufan, *Relatum*, 1969, three stones and chalk on rubber measuring tape, at MoMA.



Genpei Akasegawa, *Sheets of Vagina (Second Present)*, 1961/1994, vacuum tube, car-tire tube, car wheel, and wood, at MoMA.

ing the experiential over the visual. "Mono-ha artists were dealing with a fundamental reevaluation of what art is and what material is," says Hirshhorn Museum curator Mika Yoshitake, who helped organize the show and wrote the catalogue essay. "It was a time when Japan was really trying to follow everything that was going on in the United States, from Pop art to Assemblage. But at this time, there was also questioning of Japan's relationship to the U.S. and Japan's role in the Vietnam War."

In keeping with an antimaterialistic ethos, many Mono-ha artists made works meant to deteriorate or be destroyed. Blum had to re-create Noriyuki Haraguchi's 1970 untitled sculpture made of an industrial eyebeam that tilts back and is kept in place by only a steel wire anchored to a boulder; he also had to redo Nobuo Sekine's *Phase Mother Earth* (1969/2012), an eight-foot-wide cylinder of earth bored out of the ground and left standing beside the eight-foot-wide hole. In order to make such projects saleable, Blum drafted a manual for each work with instructions for assembly in the future. These were provided to new owners, such as the Dallas Museum of Art, which, in collaboration with Texas collectors Howard Rachofsky and Deedie Rose,

bought several works from the exhibition.

"The tsunami and nuclear disaster at Fukushima are quite pertinent in terms of public interest in Japan, but all of these projects have been underway for a number of years," says Munroe, whose catalogue for "Scream Against the Sky" provided the first textbook, in English or Japanese, on the post-war period of art

production. Representing a new generation of scholarship are people like Miwako Tezuka, newly appointed director of the Japan Society, and Reiko Tomii, who together founded PoNJA-GenKon in 2003, a listserv and network between scholars working on post-1945 Japanese art. "We're a new generation who are coming out of our research phase and finally presenting these works just now," says the Hirshhorn's Yoshitake.

For MoMA's Chong, Japan is the obvious choice for scholarship and exhibitions. "Japan has had the longest un-

interrupted history of modern art, and in order to understand the histories of Indian or Chinese art, you have to have a grasp of what happened in Japan," says Chong. "The scholarship is really growing, and I think Western institutions like ours will have to turn our attention and work back to these histories." ■



Natsuyuki Nakanishi, *Compact Object*, 1962, bones, watch and clock parts, bead necklace, hair, eggshells, lens, and other objects embedded in polyester, at MoMA.



Ay-O, *Pastoral*, 1956, oil on panel, at MoMA.

Poetic Justice

With haunting juxtapositions of objects at once fragile and grandiose, Nari Ward comments on liberty, democracy, and his own story as an immigrant

BY ANN LANDI

THIS PAGE *T.P. Reign Bow*, 2012, features ■ tactical platform used by police to surveil high-risk neighborhoods. **OPPOSITE** Nari Ward on the streets in Harlem with the stuffed fox he included in *T.P. Reign Bow*. He named the creature Cornel, after Cornel West.



At the end of a tour of his recent exhibition at Lehmann Maupin in downtown Manhattan, Nari Ward hands me his business card and pointedly flips it over to show a series of bulleted statements printed on the back. "I wish to speak to my attorney now" reads one, followed by "I will not waive any of my constitutional rights." Ward's idea of adding to his business card an abbreviated list of Miranda rights (the rights every arrested person must be informed of by the police) came from one of his brothers, a lawyer, who hands his own Miranda-rights printed card out to clients. But the rights of ordinary citizens have always been much on Ward's mind—and never more so than in the last year, when he personally went through the process of becoming a United States citizen. "What is my role now? How do I deal with authority?" Ward says he asked himself.

Born in St. Andrew, Jamaica, in 1963, the artist had been a permanent resident of the U.S. for close to 30 years, but he didn't start thinking about citizenship until a few years ago. Some of the works in the Lehmann Maupin show, titled "Liberty and Orders," patently referred to the privileges of citizenship. In *We the People* (2011), the first three words of the Preamble to the Constitution, "We the people," are elegantly spelled out on the wall in tall Gothic script using shoelaces. In *Blank Scale* (2012), an outsize Scales of Justice is made from coiled strips of used blankets and pants cuffs. But the largest work in the show alluded to the sometimes surreal aspects of living in the various urban wastelands Ward has occupied over the years. Called *T.P.*

Ann Landi is a contributing editor of ARTnews.





We the People, 2012, spells out the first words from the Preamble of the Constitution in shoelaces affixed to the wall.

Reign Bow (2012), it is a re-creation of a tactical platform (hence the "T.P."), adapted from the military and used by the police to keep watch over high-risk neighborhoods.

"These things are like towers for crime surveillance. They put them in front of the projects," Ward says. "I remember seeing them in my neighborhoods. They made me uncomfortable. On the one hand, I felt safer because they were there. But at the same time I realized I didn't know what the hell was going on. How much authority was I giving over to feel protected? That was one of the things I wondered about when I was making this piece."

The tall blue structure, which emits red surveillance lasers, offers at its base a pool of spiraling zippers threaded with human hair (a reference, Ward says, to the fairy tale of Rapunzel in the tower). A stuffed fox with a bushy black tail seems to stand guard; the artist found him on eBay and named him Cornel, after Cornel West, the activist, professor, and philosopher. The stuffed mammal is meant to represent "the mischievous intellectual," the artist claims.

Just as *T.P. Reign Bow* eludes easy interpretation, Ward's earlier pieces have baffled critics, both in their meaning and in their materials. Ward has, at various points in his career, used pieces of dried codfish, baby strollers, church pews, cotton balls, beat-up oil barrels, police shoes, pants pockets, folios from a catalogue of early Italian paintings, rum bottles, and even a recycled ambulance filled with blasts of smoke.

But when Ward hits the mark, the results can be memorable. In 2008 at Prospect.1 in New Orleans, he installed a huge diamond-shaped basket of damaged weight-lifting equipment inside an

abandoned Baptist church, a metaphor for the city's powerlessness in the wake of Hurricane Katrina. Describing the work, the *New Yorker's* Peter Schjeldahl wrote: "Ward puts art in service to something that is, declaratively, more important than art. Emerging from the church into the surrounding desolation, you will be moved."

Indeed, the poetry of his pieces can be grandiose or fragile. One of the simplest sculptures at Lehmann Maupin, and the one imbued with the most autobiographical resonance, was titled *Scape* (2012). Made from dangling shoelaces in many colors, the work created the illusion of a ladder placed high on the wall and leading up to a schematic trapdoor at the top. "When I was in grade school, when we moved from Jamaica to New Jersey, we had this house, and the only place I had that was my own was in the attic," Ward recalls. "It was this little tiny space, and I remember pulling down this ladder to get to it."

A wiry man with a broad nose and piercing dark eyes, Ward has few recollections of his childhood in St. Andrew, where his mother worked as a housekeeper and his father as a driver for the university. He liked to watch a few TV shows, such as *Bonanza* and *Star Trek*, on the black-and-white set his parents owned, and to catch birds by luring them with bits of bread. The family came to the United States because one of his mother's employers in the mid-'70s was Fred Schwartz, a.k.a. Fred the Furrier of Alexander's department store, who vacationed in Jamaica and whose wife had a mentally handicapped brother. The Schwartzes eventually asked Ward's mother to come to

the United States, first to work in their household and later to take care of the wife's brother, offering Ward's mother a house in Parsippany, New Jersey. Little by little, the rest of the family—Nari, his father, his three older brothers, and his older sister—joined her in this country.

It was in a vocational high-school art class that Ward first discovered his strengths. "Art jumped on me more than anything else," he says. "I remember being in this class, being the new kid, and I'm still trying to figure things out, and I was drawing a little Santa Claus on the wall. I must have been around 13. One kid came over and said, 'Wow! You're an artist.' That became my identity. I locked into that identity."

Ward initially thought he might become an illustrator, and he applied to the School of Visual Arts (SVA) in New York, largely because one of his high-school teachers covered the windows of his office with SVA posters so that the students couldn't look inside. Ward was accepted there, but he lasted only three semesters before his student loans ran out. In a class taught by figurative painter Juan Gonzalez, Ward recalls, "we were forced to keep a journal and go to galleries. I really got a lay-out of what the art world was about."

Next came a job with a photo retoucher, in the days when that task

RIGHT *Blank Scale*, 2012, an outside sculpture made from used blankets and pant cuffs. **BELOW** *Amazing Grace*, a 1993 installation in an empty Harlem firehouse, features 365 abandoned baby strollers.



Sick Smoke, 2012, is a found ambulance containing a machine that fogs up the windows at regular intervals.



was done with inks and dyes. "It was very disciplined but very boring," Ward says. The studio's subway stop was close to Hunter College, and Ward decided to take art classes there. One teacher in particular—a painter named Emily Mason, who still shows regularly at David Findlay Jr. in New York and LewAllen Galleries in Sante Fe—was especially encouraging. "She connected me with the Vermont Studio Center and got me a scholarship for a couple of summers," he says. "It was there that I realized I could do art and that all artists aren't crazy. I saw artists who lived regular lives and had families. Going there normalized the role of being an artist."

After graduating from Hunter in 1991 and taking classes at the Art Students League of New York, Ward was encouraged by the artist Al Loving to go to Yale and by the artist William T. Williams to check out the nearby Brooklyn College. He chose Brooklyn, where the faculty then included Lee Bontecou, Philip Pearlstein, and Allan D'Arcangelo. At the time, Ward was living in the Bronx with his girlfriend, Noemi—later to become his wife—and had to commute for about an hour and a half each way to classes. So he took to spending some nights in his grad-student studio.

"I knew the routine of the guards, so I'd be able to go scavenge material from the basement," Ward says. "This is how I got into sculpture." His graduate thesis, however, was composed of hundreds of dried and blackened plantains that he had bought from local grocery stores at ten for a dollar. "I dipped them in gel medium," he recalls, "and hung them around the studio. They shrank to a quarter of their size and were like cut phalluses. Somehow they were empowering, but I never really figured out what they meant—some element of black power. I was flirting with working in three dimensions but not totally committed yet."

A scholarship to Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture's summer residency program reaffirmed his decision to pursue sculpture. "I remember the director at the time, Barbara Lapcek, telling me, 'If you're coming here to do what you normally do, you're wasting your time,'" Ward says. Up to that point, as an M.F.A. candidate, he had been doing mostly drawings, which he describes as "abstract and process-based." He began experimenting with cotton balls, dipping them in mud, ironing them, and nailing them to different surfaces. "I wanted to work with cotton for its connotations with the healing process, not for the slavery associations," he says. "I wondered how I could transform it so that my application would be totally different. It was really about transformation through labor."

After graduating from Brooklyn College, Ward found a squat, or illegal sublet, on 116th Street in Harlem. The apartment was a six-floor walk-up in a building inhabited by drug dealers, numbers runners, and crack addicts. "They were just neighborhood folks," he claims. But when the artist started dragging stuff up from the street, odds and ends to use in his sculpture, the other tenants—ironically—became alarmed.

"They saw me bringing things in and wanted to call the police on me," he recalls. "They understood the dealers and the numbers runners but thought I was not right, that I was going to cause trouble for them. To them, artists were from another realm. They asked me to leave in a nice way." He laughs. "You know, threateningly."

When asked why he settled in a rough neighborhood in Harlem after a childhood in relatively safe precincts, Ward turns thoughtful. "I was reacting to the richness of the narratives

there, the stories, the loss, the urban blight," he says. "I felt there was a voice that wasn't being addressed, and I just started working with found objects. Even in Los Angeles, *especially* in L.A., after the riots in 1992, there was a whole movement of people who were working in this way. So maybe it was less about me and more a reaction to the sociopolitical situation. For me the creative part was how to deal with [that situation]."

Earlier, though, while still a student at SVA, Ward had lived with an aunt in a building on 155th Street, "a really cool old building that overlooked the Polo Grounds and the whole of the Bronx. I wanted to stay in Harlem. I felt a connection with it," he says.

It was during a 1992 residency at the Studio Museum in Harlem that Ward began to work with abandoned baby strollers, which he found on the street—sometimes as many as ten in one weekend. They intrigued him because they were often used to collect bottles and cans by people who were considered by society to be marginalized. His goal was to make a piece with 365 strollers, one for each day of the year, but the space the museum offered for a show was too small—so Ward looked around for his own space. Eventually, he found a firehouse in Harlem where he was able to curate exhibitions with fellow artists Janine Antoni and Marcel Odenbach. And in 1993, he finally realized the show, which featured 365 strollers bound with twisted hose and configured into the shape of a ship's hull—an installation he called *Amazing Grace*, which will be re-created at the New Museum in New York in February. It was an immediate hit.

"The piece, accompanied by a recording of Mahalia Jackson singing the hymn that is its title, is both euphoric and elegiac, celebratory and grim," wrote Roberta Smith in the *New York*

Times. Others soon took note, such as dealer Jeffrey Deitch—now the director of the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art—and curators Dan Cameron and Klaus Kertess, who featured Ward's work in the 1995 Whitney Biennial. Deitch was the first to act, including the artist in his section of the 1993 Venice Biennale, turning him loose on his downtown project space, and finally signing him to the roster of Deitch Projects in 1996. Ward stayed there for almost 14 years before joining Lehmann Maupin in the summer of 2009, where his sculptures now range in price from \$30,000 to \$85,000, and his large-scale sculptural installations start at \$100,000.

One of the 2012–13 Rome Prize fellows, Ward has been living in the Italian capital since September with his family, which includes a 15-year-old son and a ten-year-old daughter. In Italy, the artist continues to explore "how different people deal with their garbage," an ongoing fascination, and is preparing for an exhibition at the Canzani Center Gallery at the Columbus College of Art & Design this year and a major solo exhibition at the Louisiana State University Museum of Art in February 2014. Ward, who says he is tone-deaf and has little interest in music or hobbies, is still mostly into "collecting stuff from the streets" in his free time—though he adds that he has recently become fascinated with reading the works of Robert Farris Thompson, a professor at Yale who has written extensively on the art of Africa and its diaspora.

"I'll have a project where I go on binges of collecting," the artist says. "For the last show, I was collecting the backs of television sets. We'd be driving and I'd stop the car and scoot out. I called it 'skinning the TV,' and my kids timed me." He breaks into a wide grin. "I'd have all my tools, run out of the car, and in 15 seconds skin the TV." ■



***Airplane Tears*, 2005,
assembled from
napkins and the backs
of found TVs.**

A Climate Change in the Art World?

The art community is digging out, drying off, counting its losses, helping its neighbors—and starting to prepare for the hurricanes of the future

BY ROBIN CEMBALEST



The benefits are underway, online fundraisers have launched, and the first emergency grants have been delivered. In the weeks after Hurricane Sandy, gallery-goers were back in Chelsea, picking their way around rubble, shattered glass, and dealers who were still hauling damaged art out of their basements.

In the new reality, several Chelseas coexist: there's one of

Robin Cembalest is executive editor of ARTnews.

LEFT: BOSCO SODI; ABOVE: ©CLAIRE VOON



OPPOSITE Outside painter Bosco Sodi's studio in Red Hook, Brooklyn, where his materials were propelled by the water. Hundreds of artists suffered damage in the storm; the New York Foundation for the Arts, aided by numerous partners, is raising millions of dollars to help them. **THIS PAGE** The 23rd Street gallery Margaret Thatcher Projects on November 6, eight days after Chelsea was flooded. The Art Dealers Association of America had raised more than half a million dollars at press time to aid the many galleries that lost art, equipment, records, and office and exhibition space.

power suits, and another of rubber boots, hazmat suits, and no power at all. The galleries on higher ground or higher floors reopened first, along with a growing list of spaces that due to geography or luck escaped serious damage. Others relied on improvisation: Gasser Grunert opened in a 20-foot-long rental cube truck in front of the gallery's space at West 19th Street; Michael Rosenfeld, a new transplant from 57th Street, set up shop on the mezzanine level of its new (flooded) Chelsea quarters at 100 Eleventh Avenue and started seeing clients by appointment.

Others, particularly on hard-hit stretches of 27th Street and 22nd Street, did not expect to reopen until after the new year.

As for how many galleries wouldn't return at all, no one was ready to say.

The demise of some of the art community's more fragile, underinsured and undercapitalized ventures might be one painful consequence of the hurricane, which wiped out studios, inventories, archives, and infrastructure. A more hopeful legacy might be a newfound engagement of the art world with the real world—if, that is, the level of volunteerism inspired by the

storm continues. And if more people from the cultural sphere engage in the response to climate change as protagonists, rather than merely as commentators.

By all accounts, the unprecedented hurricane inspired an unprecedented amount of donations of material, labor, and expertise. In studios, nonprofits, and galleries in Chelsea, downtown Manhattan, and low-lying Brooklyn neighborhoods like Dumbo, Red Hook, and Gowanus, friends, conservators, insurers, lawyers, construction workers, and total strangers materialized to help pump, dig, wash, dry, detoxify, and decode the arcane language of claims and loans and grant applications.

Insurance, which insures 300 at-risk locations in Chelsea, including 83 galleries. She estimated the losses to date of its clients in the neighborhood at \$40 million.

Beyond the two Chelseas was the tale of two cities exposed in Sandy's aftermath. Powered by various trends in the art world—the influence of the Occupy movement and the rise of Rockaway surf culture among them—the art community did more than embrace its own. Alone and together, its members set out to marginalized neighborhoods,



Yvette Mattern's *Global Rainbow, After the Storm*, a laser projection that originated at the Standard Hotel, High Line, on Manhattan's lower west side and was directed at areas devastated by the storm. The three-day public artwork, staged in late November, was presented by the Art Production Fund.

MoMA's conservation department, Heritage Preservation in Washington, D.C., the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, along with a long list of other organizations, private and public, came forth with resources. In early November, the Art Dealers Association of America awarded the first grants from its Relief Fund (which had reached more than \$500,000 as we went to press) to three hard-hit galleries—Wallspace, Bortolami, and Derek Eller, along with the venerable artists' bookstore Printed Matter. The organization also tracked down office and storage space for storm victims and hosted a forum where representatives of insurance companies offered advice on how to move forward. Among them was Christiane Fischer, president and CEO of AXA Art

helping with the recovery effort and going door-to-door inside powerless housing projects with food and supplies.

Wielding Facebook, Twitter, and a list of boldface-named supporters, MoMA PS1 director Klaus Biesenbach organized busloads of volunteers (including famous friends like Madonna and Michael Stipe) to distribute donations, dig out cars and basements, erect shelter tents, and coordinate other relief efforts. Such efforts say "that the art world understands it's not in a privileged bubble," comments Biesenbach, who bought a house in Rockaway Beach after being introduced to the area by artist-surfer friends like Doug Aitken, Tom Sachs, and Dustin Yellin. "We have to understand it's all one city."

Another part-time Rockaways resident, Queens Museum of



Cleaning up ■ Eyebeam, the nonprofit art and technology center in Chelsea, which sustained damage estimated at up to \$250,000.



My Eye Travels, 2001–2, one of a number of works destroyed in Diana Cooper's Tribeca storage space.



Drying out at Printed Matter, which suffered heavy losses in archives, inventory, and infrastructure.



Volunteers and staff helped at Smack Mellon, an arts nonprofit in Brooklyn's hard-hit Dumbo neighborhood.



A view into Printed Matter's basement storage space on November 6. The storm is causing many to rethink their approach to their lower levels.



Stephen Wilkes, *Seaside Heights, Post Sandy*, 2012, an archival pigment print, documents the fate of a Jersey Shore icon, the Star Jet roller coaster, which long stood on the Casino Pier. Editions were being sold by the Art for Sandy Relief Fund, a collaboration between Jen Bekman's 20x200 Project and photo editors from *Time*.

Art director Tom Finkelpearl, has been working with the Rockaway Waterfront Alliance, a partnership of community members who promote public waterfront access. Before the storm, the museum had scheduled an exhibition of student artworks made of beach garbage in a collaboration between the Alliance and the Rockaway Beach Surf Club. Most of the works were damaged in the storm, but the one that survived was showcased in a benefit the museum had staged for the alliance in late November. "Of course it's called *Washed Away*," says Jeanne DuPont, the alliance's executive director, noting that this project bears a melancholic similarity to the post-storm scenario in the Rockaways, where it became difficult to distinguish piles of donations from people's washed-away belongings that littered the streets. (After conservation, the *Washed Away* works will appear at the Queens Museum as planned, probably later this year.)

While the museum has sent teams to aid with urgent needs, there is also a longer-term benefit in helping a local group that has been working on the ground with communities across the peninsula, Finkelpearl says. "They're not going to leave with the Red Cross in a month," he comments.

Many other funds, benefits, editions, and sales to benefit hurricane victims were in the works. The Pollock-Krasner Foundation and the Joan Mitchell Foundation announced they would be making funds available for artists and others. The New York Foundation for the Arts launched its Emergency Relief Fund for artists in Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York with a \$1 million leadership gift from the Warhol, Rauschenberg, and Lambert Foundations. The foundations also created a site, emergencygrants.org, for nonprofits to apply for grants. Creative Time teamed up with Paddle 8 on an online auction to benefit NYFA and arts groups affected by the storm. The prints publisher 20x200, working with photo editors from *Time*, created a portfolio whose proceeds would support local organizations including the Hurricane Sandy New Jersey Relief Fund, Project Hospitality (a private not-for-profit organization based in Staten Island), the Red Hook initiative in Brooklyn, and several others. The website Art Fag City prepared a December Wienerfest to help the Dumbo non-profit Smack Mellon confront its estimated \$400,000 in damage. And from the roof of the Standard Hotel in downtown Manhattan, the Art Production Fund staged *Global Rainbow*,

After the Storm, a laser installation by Yvette Mattern that beamed over communities devastated by the storm. The project included a fundraising initiative benefiting NYFA as well as Waves for Water, a nonprofit working with the coastal communities and other relief organizations in Staten Island, New Jersey, Rockaway Beach, and Long Beach.

What kind of climate change will the storm cause in the art world? “I don’t think we’ll even trust putting a piece of cardboard in our basement anymore,” says 27th Street dealer Edward Winkleman, echoing many of his colleagues. But for the majority of dealers, the migration of storage is but another intimidating expense in a nerve-racking and heart-rending saga. What’s clear is that the next time around, dealers won’t be preparing for a two- or three-foot surge, but a six- or seven-foot one. “Now there’s a different worst-case scenario,” says AXA’s Fischer.

Along with rebuilding the art world comes the question of how the art world can be part of the process to create a city of the future that can face climate change.

“A 100-year storm doesn’t mean it will happen in 100 years,” says Barry Bergdoll, MoMA’s chief curator of architecture and design, whose 2010 exhibition “Rising Currents: Projects for New York’s Waterfront” is receiving renewed attention in the wake of the storm.

For “Rising Currents,” teams-in-residence at the museum presented projects that anticipate sea-level rise in the New

York area resulting from global climate change; the public was invited to debate and discuss them. Now, Bergdoll would like to revisit those proposals. He wants to bring the architecture and design community together with developers, officials, and others to shape climate-change-ready New York, where strategies like wave breakers, oyster reefs, and wetlands can act as lines of defense.

“I don’t want to have yet another panel discussion,” he says. “I want something that takes it to yet another level of effectiveness. I’m trying to figure out what that is.”

Walter Meyer, a landscape architect and designer, is working with the Waterfront Alliance and several other local nonprofits on a fundraising project called Power Rockaways Resilience. The goals are to deliver power now in the form of solar generators and to enhance resilience for the future by developing projects for phytoremediation (using plants to leach out pollutants), creating dunes, and developing other strategies to protect the land from storm surges.

Another priority is recreating the boardwalk, the symbol and spine of the peninsula, which connects its diverse communities and provides a staging ground for the concessions that bring economic activity to the area. An elevated wood boardwalk, Meyer notes, is no longer tenable, because its elements can become projectiles during storms. Meyer and his colleagues are devising ideas for a provisional boardwalk on the beach surface, where temporary concessions can operate out of solar-powered shipping containers.

“We’re growing this by the hour,” he says. ■



A proposal from the Architecture Research Office (ARO) from MoMA's “Rising Currents” show envisions the “greening” of Lower Manhattan, where parks and freshwater and saltwater wetlands create new ecosystems that facilitate greater ecological connectivity, improve water quality, and enhance opportunities for habitat growth.

Richard Artschwager

Whitney Museum and The High Line

Through February 3

Heskin Contemporary

David Nolan



Richard Artschwager, an American original associated with Pop, Minimalism, and Conceptualism, has lately been here, there, and everywhere.

Foremost, the 88-year-old artist is at the Whitney Museum. Then, a number of his trademark “blips” (pronounced “blips”), the lozenge shapes in black and white that he first deployed in the 1960s as markers to focus attention on things and places that we might otherwise overlook, have infiltrated the High Line. In addition, there was a lovely works-on-paper exhibition, titled “The Desert,” at David Nolan, where the pastels, all from the past two years, pictured scenes from the Southwest, which Artschwager first saw when his family moved to New Mexico when he was eleven. The lushly hued, simplified, faux-naïf landscapes, some on colored paper, ranged from the more representational to the nearly non-objective. Vistas shift between flatness and depth; the point of view is panoramic and matter-of-fact, but with an undercurrent of American romanticism and sweet memory. Artschwager’s immensities need no figures. Heskin Contemporary also staged an Artschwager show from two private collections.

**Portrait II, 1963,
Formica on wood,
68" x 26" x 13".
Whitney Museum.**

The Whitney retrospective, “Richard Artschwager!” (the exclamation point suggests his blips), is the artist’s second at the museum (the first was in 1988), and it is comprehensive—a trove of Artschwagers with many early favorites on view, including what he called his “useless objects.” These riffs on furniture forms rely on his skill as a professional furniture maker. *Triptych* (1962), three sheets of framed white Formica made into a folding screen and *Portrait II* (1963), a dresser with no drawers topped by a sheet of yellow Formica instead of a mirror, are two. *Description of Table* (1964), a dual-tone plywood cube inset with a geometric configuration of melamine laminate that suggests a tablecloth, is another, as is *Untitled (Book)* from the same year, an abstract sculpture that evokes an open book with pages that can’t be turned.

The artist’s candid, elegant sculpture-cum-furniture slyly elevates bleak, suburban 1950s decor into the sophisticated surreal—a minimalist Magritte or, in another vein, a simplified, much less frazzled Dalí, as suggested in Artschwager’s *4th Cross* (2004), a freestanding, woozily striped, slightly over lifesize crucifix that might be another kind of useless object. He inventively incorporates odd materials (rubberized horsehair) with household ones such as Formica, Plexiglas, wood, and rubber for sculptures. He uses Celotex for his gritty, smudged paintings, including one of a grisaille, photo-based train wreck and a series on the demolition of an Atlantic City hotel as well as his 1962 *Baby* that anticipates Warhol and Richter. The works combine mid-century domesticity and optimism with surreptitious violence, as does *Table Prepared in the Presence of Enemies* (1993), which suggests a homely guillotine. One takeaway from the show is just how current Artschwager remains. His subtly humorous, edgy, idiosyncratic, wide-ranging vision and fine crafting offer something young artists can relate to.

—Lilly Wei

Diana Thater

David Zwirner

You're in a room, outside a room, alone, not alone. Your shadow shares space with other shadows cast by other people. Then there are the horses, the lake, a power station, rubble, and junk. It moves all around you; you're still and not still at the same time.

By projecting moving images in every direction—images we interrupt whenever

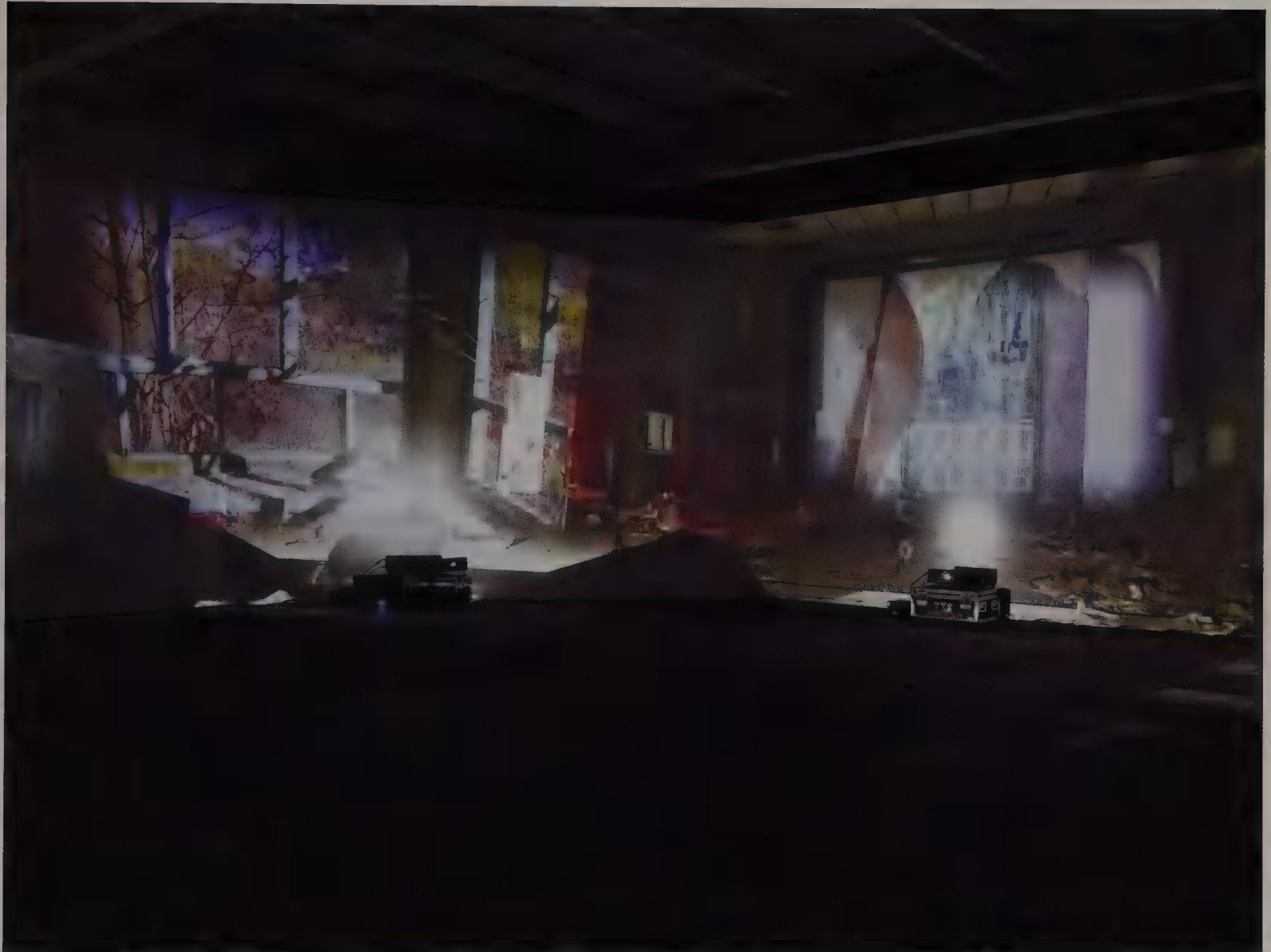
the forbidden zone around Chernobyl to show the remains, both man-made and natural, in a post-human world.

The real question is, what does she want us to learn? Unless we read the title *Chernobyl* (2010), and remember or know that nuclear reactors exploded in Ukraine in 1986, spewing radioactive clouds over much of Europe, and unless we know the moral content of that name, we remain innocent about any teachings the artist may wish to inflict on us.

antiquity. It was a glory that was lost to barbarism, but that became a stepping stone to a renewed culture.

But then, ruins are also ghosts that haunt the present to remind people of the ubiquity of death. Death, indeed, permeates Thater's videos: the people whom she shows exploring the ruins are themselves now part of the ruins in the same way that we, adding our shadows to theirs, are part of this dance of death.

In this sense, Thater's work is also a



Diana Thater, *Chernobyl*, 2010, installation of six projectors, six media players, and LEE filters.

we walk in front of a projector— Diana Thater totally immerses her audience in the world she has captured.

In this powerful video installation, she incorporates us into the action, much in the way the pulsing strobe lights of late '60s discos made us part of a throbbing, mindless crowd. But Thater doesn't want us to forget who we are as she takes us on a didactic and disconcerting tour of

We look into a kaleidoscope of ruins. They might be those of any European town after a World War II aerial bombardment. There are rusted tanks and abandoned bicycles; nature reclaims the space. We may not know where we are, but we certainly know what to feel.

The fascination with ruins began in the Renaissance, when artists and intellectuals wept over the relics of destroyed

form of self-portraiture, a commemoration of herself as witness of modernity's greatest monument to its own madness. The artist's ruins aren't worthy of memorializing, because modernity's self-immolation derives from its own internal barbarism.

These images and experiences are as banal as heartbreak. You may not know where Thater has taken you, but you'll never forget it. —Alfred Mac Adam

Antony Gormley

Sean Kelly

British artist Antony Gormley's compellingly choreographed installation inaugurating Sean Kelly's new mega



Antony Gormley, *Lean*, 2012, cast iron, 73½" x 18½" x 16½". Sean Kelly.

gallery (former home of Exit Art) on 36th Street was appropriately site-specific. His figures seemed to measure, interrogate, and define the untried space, using the human body (usually cast from Gormley's own six-foot-four-inch frame) as module and marker, a strategy the artist has used to great effect throughout his prolific, high-profile career.

The presentation was a spare one, consisting of eight sculptures of the body, inflected with various degrees of abstraction. Some looked like a cross between pixelated digitalizations and Cubist formulations, rendered as either an open-form schema in mild steel (like a drawing transferred from graph paper) or weighty, rusted cast-iron forms. All the one-word titles were nouns and verbs.

One wiry, gridlike figure hung

high on a wall in the first gallery, accompanied by a rust-colored Cubo-manikin, *Lean* (2012), tilted slightly against the wall, and an imposing segmented free-standing block, *Clasp V* (2012), which implies the figurative.

In the large main gallery, there were only two works: *Signal* (2012), another silvery mild-steel bar figure stretched out tautly across the floor, and *Shore II* (2012), a seated figure propped up by a plinth.

The downstairs gallery presented an abstract form and two recognizable figures, one facing the wall, lying alongside it, the other upright, a hand cupping its face, arms wrapped around itself. While the bodies may be as much about space and solidity, they also possess, like much of Gormley's work, a more existential presence.

These solitary, timeless figures address progressive states of being and suggest a mutability of identity between the human and what we might view as the post-human condition.

—Lilly Wei

Tal R

Cheim & Read

Tal R's latest, very vivacious paintings envision a quasi-Parisian fin-de-siècle dreamland in a rainbow of stripes and slabs. Called "The Shlomo," the series recalls an era when gentlemen sported tall

hats, buildings and roads were made of stone, huge clock faces beamed from the tops of towers, and cars really were horseless carriages. The style, likewise, harks back to early 20th-century France, particularly to Fauvism.

Tal R painted the works using rabbit-skin glue and pigment, a nearly uncorrectable medium that evokes crayon through its streaky, blotchy effects on canvas. And everything depicted here—bricks, awnings, windowpanes, sidewalks—was saturated with color, as if a kid with a box of Crayolas were the urban planner for Tal R's world. In *Framer at Night* (2012), we peek inside a brightly lit shop full of empty picture frames. Smaller windows, whose panes are never the same color, line the facade above the store's window, and fat stripes of yellow, red, and purple border the lower picture frame. We are looking at frames within frames within frames—with an emphasis on gentle fun rather than optical trickery.

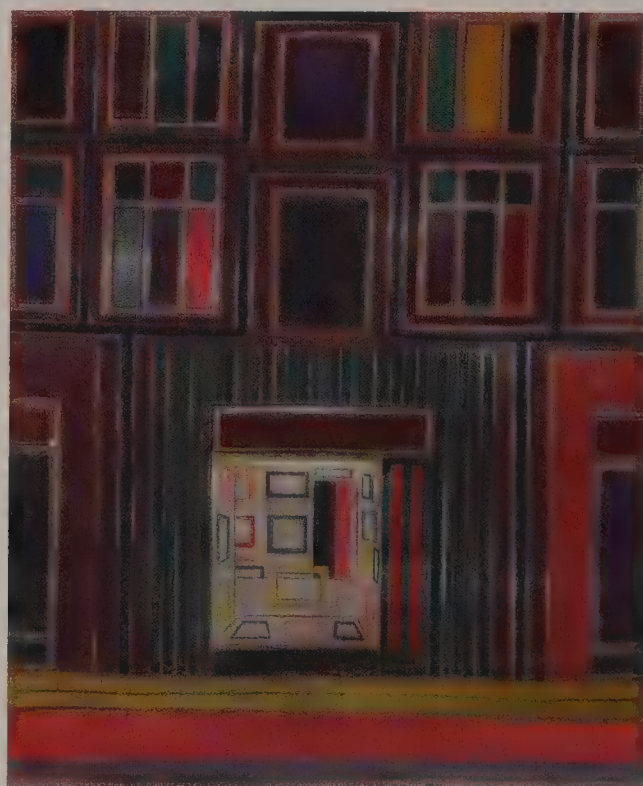
Tal R, whose given name is Tal Shlomo Rosenzweig, was born in Israel and grew up in Denmark. He has said that he feels like a foreigner in all lands and that he has come to appreciate this state of being. And so the Shlomo character who appeared in two works here—*The Shlomo* (2011) and *Shlomo Taking a Nap* (2012)—might be somewhat autobiographical. In both paintings, Shlomo is alone, downcast, and silhouetted in darkness, contrasting with the cheerful hues that surround him. He could be a shadow of Tal R's psyche, a stand-in for the artist's sense of never quite feeling at home.

—Trent Morse

Nancy and Edward Kienholz

Pace

Opening just before the presidential election (and just after Superstorm Sandy), "The Ozymandias Parade/Concept Tableaux" by Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz was as timely as it was spectacular. It featured *The Ozymandias Parade*, a provocative political diorama conceived in the 1970s, executed in 1985, and better known in Europe than in the



Tal R, *Framer at Night*, 2012, rabbit glue and pigment on canvas, 96" x 78½". Cheim & Read.

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Victims of Abuse

United States. Ed Kienholz called this piece "a ship of fools." It's a cynical parade float, a sarcastic installation about Reagan-era America, a monumental equestrian anti-monument that hints at a dysfunctional carousel, and a biting allegory about the abuse of political power. The piece is set on an arrow-like aircraft-carrier base; its wooden figurehead is a

blindfolded Justice with a deconstructed arm and a broken set of scales. Hundreds of blinking red, white, and blue lights circle the base. It's also site-specific and participatory: wherever the work is shown, the lights match that nation's flags and a poll is taken asking, "Are you satisfied with your government?"

One equestrian figure is the vice president, riding backward on an upside-down skeletal horse shod in ice skates as well as roller skates. He is blowing a trumpet and waving the appropriate flag. His boss, the president, rides his rearing steed upside down, his saddle underneath its belly, and holds a red phone in one hand and a collapsed globe in the other. Then there's the general, bristling with medals and guns, surrounded by toy cannons and tanks. He rides piggyback on an overtaxed woman while urging her on with a religious carrot on a stick. Deliberately trite symbols are everywhere: pig snouts, Darth Vader's spaceship, hundred-dollar bills. The three sinister figures are guarded by tiny plastic soldiers, welcomed by Third World tourist figurines, and witnessed by statuettes of Saint Francis, Buddha, the Pope in a Popemobile, and other kitschy ready-mades. Another tidbit: Kienholz cast his mother as the frail woman and his father-in-law, former Los Angeles Police Department chief Thomas Reddin, as the general.

In the rear gallery were ten "Concept Tableaux" from the 1960s that must be considered among the earliest works of Conceptual art. Each includes a bronze plaque with the title and a typewritten



Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz, *The Ozymandias Parade*, 1985, mixed-media tableau, 15' ■ 12' 3" ■ 30' 2½". Pace.

concept with pricing for its execution. *The World* (1964) is a proposal to sign the world as a found object on a slab of concrete in Hope, Idaho, leaving chisels and hammers for others to sign. *The American Trip* (1966) is a road-trip proposal for a collaboration with Jean Tinguely. Best was *The Black Leather Chair* (1966), a horrifying and complex tableau "about the Negro in America."

—Kim Levin

Elie Nadelman

June Kelly

For this delightful exhibition, titled "American Drawings: 1914–1946," the gallery assembled 30 ink-on-paper, and occasionally pencil, highlights from the Elie Nadelman estate, along with two figurative sculptures from the same era. Most of the works had never been exhibited previously.

Nadelman was part of the Paris art scene in the pre-World War I years and was an acquaintance of the Stein family. Picasso visited his studio in 1908 and was reportedly taken with the Polish-born artist's shapes and lines. Modigliani singled him out as an early influence, specifically with regard to sculpture. As could be seen in the gemlike drawings here,

Nadelman was interested almost exclusively during that period in the curved line, believing that only the curve "possessed freshness and force." His carefree but assured renditions were as simple as they were versatile. Any arc or squiggle of ink became a lock of hair, a chin, an ear, an arm, or an elbow.

Viewers here could witness Nadelman's distinctive modernist sensibility in the streamlined, stylized features of both women and men, whom he likely based on passersby, distilling their identifying traits so as to render them anonymous. *Ideal Female Head* (ca. 1914–15), a pencil-and-ink drawing, depicts a human form in a vaguely cubistic profile; planar elements of the nose and lips offset the bends and semicircles of the cheeks, head, and eyes. Certainly one of the most charming ink-on-paper



Elie Nadelman, *Woman on Settee*, ca. 1920, ink on paper, 6" ■ 9½". June Kelly.

drawings, one of several executed on hotel stationery, was *Woman on Settee* (ca. 1920). A woman lounges on the simplified sofa, which could double as the top of a Greek column. Her flirty self-confidence is palpable, despite the fact that she possesses just a few dots and a line for facial features.

—Doug McClellmont

'Duchamp Brothers & Sister'

Francis M. Naumann Fine Art

The four Duchamp-family artists in this show offered a concentrated perspective on the early phases of modern art, as well as on the family dynamics that would produce such extraordinary talents.

Their father was a prominent notary; their mother was the daughter of a



Raymond Duchamp-Villon, *Torso of a Young Man*, 1910/68, bronze, 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ " high.
Francis M. Naumann Fine Art.

printmaker whose engravings of Rouen filled their home. The eldest son, Gaston (1875–1963), abandoned law studies to take up art, renaming himself Jacques Villon after the medieval poet. The exhibition revealed his development from an illustrator, with a preparatory drawing for a print of a mulatto model, *Renée de Trois Quart* (1911), to a Cubist painter, with *Monsieur D. Lisant* (1913). Artists of the Cubist and Futurist generations hung out in his studio, and those currents are evident in Villon's oil painting *Le jardin de l'Évêché à Castre* (1954), a cubistic rendering in gold, blue, and green of a formal garden seen from above.

The second brother, Raymond (1876–1918), who first studied medicine, assumed the name Raymond Duchamp-Villon. His sculptures are highly individualistic. *Portrait of Yvonne* (1909) is a classic bust, whereas *Les Amants* (1913) is a powerful wall relief, first sculpted in plaster and in 1966 cast in bronze. Another formidable bronze, *Torso of a Young*

Man (1910–1968), according to dealer Francis Naumann, was modeled on Marcel Duchamp. Raymond Duchamp-Villon died in World War I.

Marcel (1887–1968) was represented here through a diverse array of work, from drawings to ready-mades, including a torn-paper self-portrait in profile (1953). His output is summed up in his famous *Boîte-en-Valise* (1961), with its tiny reproductions of his work.

Suzanne (1889–1963) married painter Jean Crotti, and with him she made work that took Dada further into a movement called Tabu Dada. Her paintings here ranged stylistically from a Betty Boop-like self-portrait to a caricature of Marcel as a fox to lyrical watercolor landscapes and an intense abstract painting.

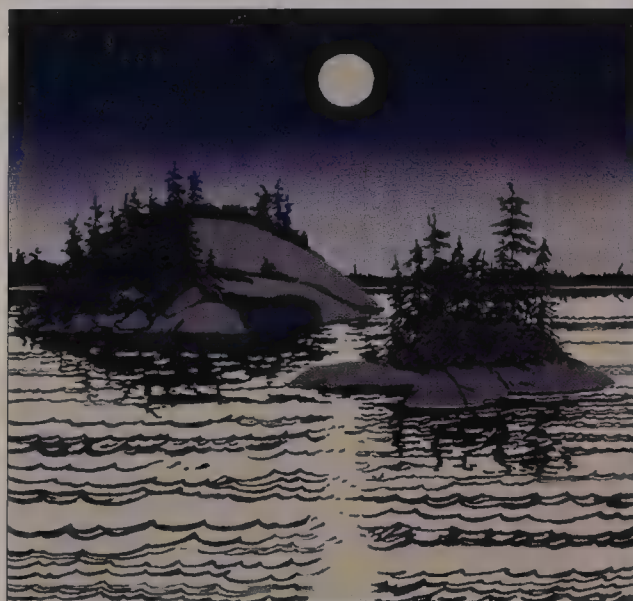
This exhibition, inspired by ones Marcel organized at the Rose Fried Gallery in New York, underscored the artistic interaction among the siblings, showing the many portraits they made of one another.

—Charles Ruas

Brett Bigbee and Neil Welliver

Alexandre

Here were two very different exhibitions, Brett Bigbee's focusing on portraiture and interiors and Neil Welliver's immersed in nature and landscapes.



Neil Welliver, *Islands Allagash*, 1990, woodcut on Kizuki Nishinouchi, 31" x 32". Alexandre.

Bigbee paints with gentleness and an infinite attention to detail. In the two portraits here, *Joe (Self-Portrait)*, 1994–99, of the artist holding his infant son, and *Ann with Plant* (1990–91), of his wife depicted nude on a chair with a white cloth, the subjects gaze directly out from the canvas, their vulnerability palpable. Sitting on the edge of a table, shirtless, the artist holds his baby in one arm while his other arm rests on the table with an open hand. This reveals a great deal about the artist as a young father: his pride and perhaps concern. A window behind him with a view to the sea is reminiscent of 15th-century Italian portraits. A similarly quiet mood pervades his wife's portrait. Her pale skin is enhanced by the colors of the sofa. Bigbee's perspective allows his subjects to stand outside of time and remain fixed in memory.

In the front room, nature came alive in Neil Welliver's powerful works on paper and watercolors of the Maine landscape. Known for his enormous paintings of northern New England woods, the artist, who died in 2005, revealed himself equally accomplished in other mediums. *Islands Allagash* (1990), a woodcut on Kizuki Nishinouchi, is a marvelous depiction in shades of blue of lonely islands under a full moon and a sky filled with stars. The islands float in a white sea with pine trees sprouting from their rocky banks. With an almost childlike simplicity, the artist draws the waves as a series of continuous curves, broken only by the path of the moon on the water and the squiggly reflections of the pines.

Although all of Welliver's works here conveyed nature's rough beauty, the one that was most compelling was his modest graphite-on-paper sketch *Untitled (Night Sky)*, 1981. In this work, puffy clouds hang over rolling hills, and there is little foliage except for some pines. With few lines, he celebrates the rhythm of the clouds dancing above the quiet land.

—Valerie Gladstone

Robert Arneson

Allan Stone

Aptly titled "Playing Dirty," this bawdy exhibition of the late Robert Arneson's small early works provided ample evidence of the



Robert Arneson, *Spiked Tea*, 1969, glazed ceramic with luster, 13" ■ 4" x 10½". Allan Stone.

earthy, sardonic humor that this pioneering Bay Area Funk artist injected into his stoneware vessels. Infusing the raw irregularity of traditional Japanese tea-ceremony utensils with the zany smut of *MAD* magazine, Arneson reveled in jokes rhyming bodily openings with spigots designed for transferring liquids from one container to another, often using the unexpected surfaces of glazing and firing to mirror the physical functions evoked. The blatantly sexual *Untitled Ceramic (with Red Orifice)*, 1964, for example, resembles a squatting frog and is topped with a vaginal slit adorned with a splotchy, turquoise-flecked maroon glaze.

Refined crudity also characterizes four luster-glazed riffs on pewter teapots, all made in 1969. In *Golden Rod*, a fully erect penis emerges from a thatch of serpent-like pubic hair, forming a spout from which liquids can emerge. Resting on eight little glazed legs beautifully dappled in turquoise and pale green, the subtler *Spiked Tea* has a shape like a deflating swollen sneaker. *Tea Is a Beverage Made from the Dried Leaves of the Thea Sinensis Plant* sprouts multiple nozzles that bring to mind a cartoon version of a space creature bristling with tentacles. Later in his career, Arneson lost interest in the chemical transformations of firing and glaze and began to sculpt illustrative, caricatured

self-portraits and depictions of friends and famous artists. The beginning of his transition from classical pottery vessels to the uproariously nasty works that made his name—most notably a series of life-size ceramic toilets not on view—was captured by this show. These interesting hybrids of studio pottery and sexual representation were an unusual pleasure to behold.

—*Elisabeth Kley*

'The Memory of White'

Leonard Hutton

The initial inspiration for this illuminating show of white art derived from the dealer's first impressions of the stark emptiness of the new gallery that this exhibition inaugurated. The strange middle ground between the high art of the past and the banality of a painted plaster wall is pre-

cisely the realm in which many of these artists have worked.

The approaches to this territory varied greatly. The efforts of the best-known artists, including Lucio Fontana, represented by *Concetto Spaziale* (1968), a tasteful disk of white Rosenthal ceramic through which a thumb appears to have been poked, and Piero Manzoni, whose *Achrome* (1958) suggests nothing so much as wet laundry, looked somewhat too modest. By contrast, the *arte povera* artists made a strong impression, with Pier Paolo Calzolari in particular emerging as a fascinating and still somewhat underrated artist.

Unlike Fontana and Manzoni, Calzolari was able to charge his white with substance and meaning, rather than having it remain simply a concept. This was most obvious in a standout work, the artist's seven-foot-tall wall sculpture *Untitled (Senza Titolo)*, 1979. Here the white is a striated rectangular panel of crystallized salt, which contrasts with a similarly striated lead panel of not quite the same size or shape. The surface of the salt is gradually discolored by smoke from an oil lamp attached to its frame. It is a work of only three elements, but despite its simplicity, the sculpture yields much to think about. The ephemeral whiteness is rendered material; it is then equated with the weight of lead by means of the flame's heat as well as with the fugitive nature of smoke floating in the air.

Art that sits so close to the edge of visual perception, as did much of this work, requires a good deal of sensitivity and intelligence if it is not to come off as trite. Calzolari demonstrated this in the best possible way. —*Robert Ayers*



Pier Paolo Calzolari, *Untitled (Senza Titolo)*, 1979, salt, lead, iron plate, and oil lamp, 82" x 34¼" x 3". Leonard Hutton.

UP NOW

John Outterbridge

MoMA PS1

Through March 11

Tilton Gallery

John Outterbridge—artist, civil rights activist, and director of the Watts Towers Arts Center from 1975 to 1992—was a central figure during the formative years of the Los Angeles black art community. His work is featured prominently in the exhibition "Now Dig This! Art and Black Los Angeles 1960–1980," a standout among last fall's Pacific Standard Time and now at PS1, where it looks terrific.



John Outterbridge, *Broken Dance*, *Ethnic Heritage Group*, ca. 1978–82, mixed media, 34" ■ 29" x 33". Tilton Gallery.

Outterbridge's show at Tilton offered a broader view of his art. It highlighted the rag-and-scrap figure sculptures he made between the 1970s and '90s, with many examples from his "Ethnic Heritage Group" series. A dancer—with massive thighs and a bomblike scrap-metal torso with readymade hardware breasts—perches on one toe as she balances on an ammunition box, extending her other leg with its missing lower portion. Formally and conceptually, *Broken Dance*, *Ethnic Heritage Group* (ca. 1978–82), as the sculpture is titled, qualifies as an under-known masterpiece. The artist's very first rag figure, *Sister Mamie*, which set off the series, was made as a doll for his daughter in 1971: that figure was here too, dressed in its Sunday best—a fur-trimmed cloth coat, a hat, and pumps—and clutching a tiny purse.

The tribal figures (also part of the series) offered a direct link to African origins. Outterbridge's work is filtered through the cultural turmoil of the late '60s and early '70s, the civil rights movement, and a visceral awareness of slave history. His work *The Missing Mule* (1993) refers to the custom of giving former slaves a mule and 40 acres of land,

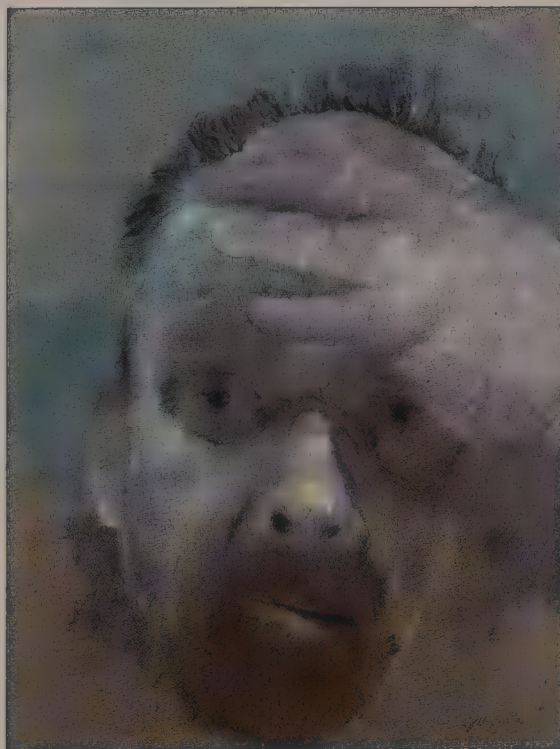
while *Crack in the Road* (1990) is a scrappy found-metal car trailing colorful bits of rag, with one big headlight and one tiny bare bulb.

On the main floor, a selection of brand-new works made with African American hair, phallus-shaped wood, and traditional dangling sacks of healing herbs brought us up-to-date with the artist. One room featured the third version of his festive yet sorrowful 2011 installation, *Rag Factory*, which festoons rags, sacks, ropes of hair, and their shadows around a columnar pole. It's no wonder Outterbridge (born in 1933), whose mother was a poet who took in laundry and whose father found jobs as a junkman and a musician, has inspired such contemporary artists as Betye Saar, David Hammons, and Senga Nengudi. —Kim Levin

'Perception of Self'

Forum

What do we want from a self-portrait? Pared down to the basics: a sense of character, depth of personality, and honesty. The best works in this fine show, presenting 36 artists' visions of themselves, offered all three. Milton Avery's



Jimmy Wright, *Self No. 4*, 2002, pastel on paper, 25½" x 19½". Forum.

gray-and-brown painting, completed around 1935, captures him early on, with an amused half-smile and a cowlick sprouting up like crabgrass, making him look at once offbeat and as a force to be reckoned with. Chaim Gross's large wood carving from 1934 is all high cheekbones and furrowed brow, topped with a hood of hair—half African icon, half paean to the painter as craftsman. Two strong works by Philip Evergood, from 1948 and 1962, let viewers compare the artist in middle age, tipping his hat, with the man at 60, jowly and defiant, astutely rendered in ink.

In contrast with those straightforward explorations of self, many of the more recent works here were ironic or oblique. Realist Paul Fenniak's 2008–9 canvas of a man and woman embracing on the beach while clutching metal detectors suggests a social collapse that makes portraiture irrelevant. Bo Bartlett's arch 2012 depiction of himself in a torn admiral's jacket, one eye covered with a pirate patch, is as knowing as a Cindy Sherman. Most of the pieces by women artists in this show were disturbingly self-effacing: Susan Rothenberg's 1983 pastel, for example, a few pink smudges under a cowboy hat, conveys an unfortunate sense of invisibility.

But Jimmy Wright's 2002 pastel of one swollen, white hand clamped to a turquoise head—conjuring a modern-day van Gogh on a lifelong bender—gives a face to human suffering, his own and everyone's. —Mona Molarsky

'F.S.A. Photography and Contemporary Social Realism'

Robert Miller

When the Farm Securities Administration began sending photographers to cover the effects of the Great Depression, its mission was to report on the deprivations the government was working to alleviate. Its forward-thinking photographers brought to their work the imagery of social realism, borrowed from painting, which championed working-class life and dignity in the face of poverty. That tradition and its legacy were the subject of this smart, fresh show that paired work from Dorothea Lange, Jack Delano, Marion Post



Josh Lehrer, *Astro Boy*, 2012, digital print on vinyl, 96" x 72". Robert Miller.

Wolcott, and others with four contemporary photographers who also see struggle in a noble light.

Emma Wilcox's haunting black-and-white photographs of the urban landscape around Newark, New Jersey, show places affected by eminent domain. Her emptied interiors and fragments of decrepit signs and buildings share a vocabulary with the work of the older photographers—a view of a bedroom wall spray-painted with skulls brings to mind Walker Evans's clapboard bedroom hung with religious paintings. Like Wilcox's, Zoe Strauss's photos here mostly looked like uninhabited spaces, but there is evidence of human violence in the bullet-riddled desert landscape in *Shot Appliances* (2001–6). Strauss's sole portrait, *Bunny* (2001), shows an elderly woman with bright red hair and carefully applied eyebrows, her mouth parted but her eyes sharp. Her square gaze echoed aspects of Arthur Rothstein's nearby portrait of a Montana rancher, whose face also shows the eroding effect of time and hard work.

Debbie Grossman's digitally reworked color photographs make direct reference to F.S.A. images. Using Russell Lee's idyllic

study of frontier life in small-town New Mexico as the starting point of her series "My Pie Town" (2011), Grossman uses Photoshop to subtly change men into women by softening their features. The result is a plainspoken lesbian utopia where women in patterned dresses and plaid shirts raise happy families. Lee's *Jack Whinery, homesteader and his family, Pie Town, New Mexico* (1940) hung near Grossman's version, in which Jack's beard and Adam's apple have been removed and he becomes the more ambiguously named Jessie Evans-Whinery.

Like Grossman's project, Josh Lehrer's handsome portraits of homeless transgender teenagers in New York present heroic pictures of those who may not have been adequately depicted in the past. Shot with a large-format an-

tique camera and a shallow depth of field in velvety black and white, the photos reveal his subjects as both vulnerable and cagey. The figure in *Astro Boy* (2012) has smooth skin, soft lips, and a fighter's split eyebrow above clear, skeptical eyes. Issues and styles have changed, but photography's ability to make the marginalized visible and strong remains robust.

—Rebecca Robertson

'American Artists in France & Italy'

Debra Force Fine Art

This intriguing exhibition of paintings made between the 1870s and 1940s looked at a time when artists around the world were drawn to Europe—not New York—for inspiration.

The remains of classical and Renaissance culture, together with thriving contemporary art scenes, were at the heart of the attraction. But this show demonstrated as well how all sorts of more personal passions influenced the decisions of American artists to travel and work on the other side of the Atlantic, and how these passions accounted for their many different approaches.

The earliest painting here was Jasper Francis Cropsey's *Italy (Ruins of the Bridge of Augustus, Narni)*, 1875, in which a color palette the artist developed while painting the Hudson River takes on an almost hallucinatory brightness. Cropsey's landscape is populated by tiny semi narrative figures: a goatherd, fishermen with a net, women washing clothes, even an artist busy drawing. It is an impressive, eye-catching work, even though it might have been painted half a century earlier.

Another twist of anachronism occurs in Xanthus Smith's *The Close of the Engagement between the U.S.S. "Kearsarge" and the Confed. Cruiser "Alabama"* (1886). This famous Civil War engagement took place outside of France's Cherbourg Harbor in 1864, when Manet painted his version of it. Oddly enough,



Xanthus Smith, *The Close of the Engagement between the U.S.S. "Kearsarge" and the Confed. Cruiser "Alabama,"* 1886, oil on canvas, 35" x 55". Debra Force Fine Art.

though Smith paints it in a somewhat academic style that ignores Manet's painterly immediacy, it took him a full 22 years after the actual event to depict it. A further irony resides in Smith's picture: no matter what his particular reasons were for moving to France, in the recollection of these warring ships, his home country followed him there.

That the artists in this exhibition were perhaps stylistically slow off the mark, late to adopt modernism, or painting as though modernism never happened in no way diminished the value of the show itself. Indeed, the art-historical insights it permitted were fascinating.

—Robert Ayers



Jack Goldstein, *Untitled (Rocket Trail)*, 1982, paint on canvas, 34" x 64". *Venus Over Manhattan*.

glowing in the nothingness of a black 96-by-60-inch canvas—as if a match had flared up in the darkness. "Photography was my landscape; it was my reality," wrote Goldstein. The influence of time-lapse photography is evident in his painting of an observatory, with the stars spinning in incomplete circles, and in his use of historical war photography: his 1982 image of an explosion of tracer bullets over silhouetted rooftops is based on a World War II photo by Margaret Bourke-White.

The artist Ashley Bickerton, who wrote the provocative catalogue essay for this show, mentions Goldstein's "searing white light and bottomless darkness," as well as his uncompromising charisma. But in today's climate of banal recycled imagery and technological wizardry, what Bickerton describes as "the perfect impenetrable opacity, the pure theatre of spectacle" turns out to have been remarkably prescient.

—Kim Levin

Melissa Stern

Smart Clothes

Carved from blocks of clay, they stand as rigid as small golems. Some are missing hands and arms. Their features—if they have them—are rudimentary: two dabs for eyes, a line or a gaping hole with weasel teeth for a mouth. The boys are all torso

with pole-straight legs; the girls, in bell-shaped skirts, are lacking hair, hips, and breasts. Charcoal gray, black, and chalky white, these imps and demons of the unconscious are as frightening as fetishes. Yet they're as simple as children's toys.



Melissa Stern, *Stainless*, 2012, clay, graphite, and steel, 30" x 10" x 7". *Smart Clothes*.

UP NOW

Jack Goldstein

Venus Over Manhattan Through January 15

This stunning loan exhibition of 13 key canvases by Jack Goldstein, the legendary, enigmatic member of the first CalArts graduating class, in 1972, and a key figure in the so-called CalArts Mafia, is aptly titled "Where is Jack Goldstein?" The flickering red *Burning Window* (1977), the remnant of a performance of sorts, greets viewers to the darkened gallery entrance, and there's an original print of the three-minute film *Shane* (1975), featuring a barking dog. Goldstein, a pioneer of a new kind of conceptual representation, who ended his life in 2003, was the missing link in what became known as the Pictures Generation.

His paintings from the early 1980s—the "Burning City," the "Blitzkrieg (Tracer)," and the "Lightning" series—are all spectacular cinematic depictions of natural and unnatural phenomena. Goldstein said he was seeking "a surface without incident," and he found it in sudden bursts of light amid spray-painted blackness, in images of tiny oil refineries on a horizon momentarily lit by a rocket trail, in a swath of white smoke, tracer bullets, in a wayward plane. Was he trying to merge Warhol's affectless disasters with Ad Reinhardt's negating black monochromes?

Untitled #26 (1981), one of the "Burning Cities" canvases, spotlights a minuscule, chilling image of an urban rescue, with fire hoses and shadowy figures,

For Stern's poetic show "The Talking Cure," the artist paired a dozen of her ceramic sculptures with writers who created monologues for them. Actors' recorded voices were uploaded to the Cloud, and gallery visitors could use their iPhones to hear the figures speak.

A one-armed boy with a giant, toothy mouth ranted about women and bagels. Another boy, his feet tied to cement blocks, narrated his story of heartbreak. And a girl with a steel ball lodged in her chest asked, "Do you love me? It's hard, I know. The trick is letting the metal cool til it's a rock." Best of all was a young woman trying desperately to accept a threesome: herself, her guy, and the small, pointy-eared creature he has brought to bed. "Of course I like him. Why wouldn't I like him?" she began gamely. This collaborative multimedia art show, which included drawings as well as sculpture, was funny, chilling, and exhilarating. —Mona Molarsky

Valerie Jaudon

Von Lintel

Valerie Jaudon is a veteran investigator of abstraction's potential, producing pristine, precisely conceived schemes, which she has varied, often just slightly, for each new body of work. Her concentration is formidable and her mental conceptions assume explicit physical form in her canvases and works on paper. Each work is a system unto itself.

In this strikingly concise show of ten large paintings, each image had the quality of a maze, a puzzle, or a Byzantine wall carving. In works like *Glyph* (2012),

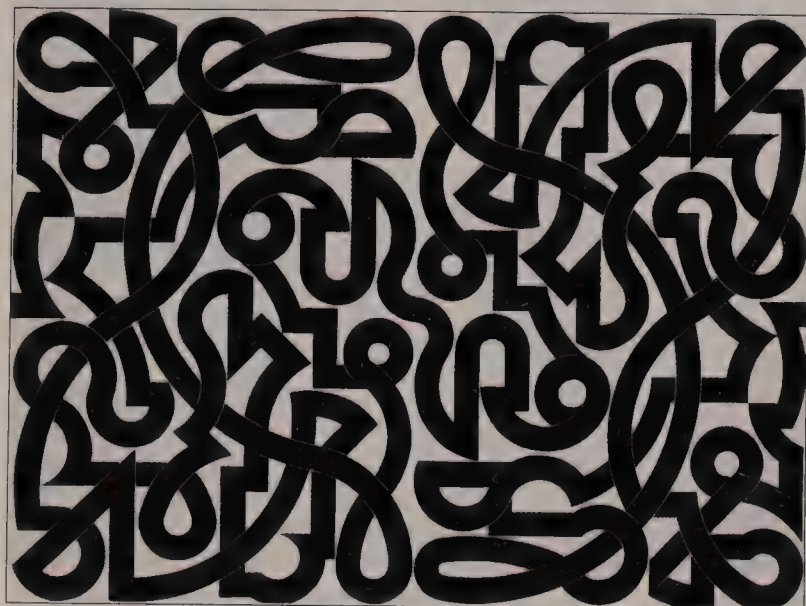
composed of nine squares—each linked by a band extending improbably from an adjacent square—we have the sense of chapters in a book, one developing from the last, but in no real order. It conjures those "experimental" novels of the 1960s with interchangeable chapters, in which the reader determines the sequence. But where to begin? The sense of an undefined plan is compounded by a tension between figure and ground that doubly confounds certainty.

Rather than remotely referencing nature or the figure, these works seem to invoke writing, if not language. Call it a pattern of nonverbal communication. We are led through curves and bends and intersecting lines—all mimicking the flow of writing, of speaking, of thinking. The line leads but does not terminate. Often it runs to the edge of a canvas, implying infinite progression and a story without end.

These paintings were striking and graphic, with white paint on raw tan linen, as in the 42-inch-square *Essay* (2012), or black on white canvas, as in the 54-by-72-inch *Archive* (2012), or white on black, as in the 54-inch-square *Glyph*. And they are highly refined and elegant. We follow the rhythm of their execution, the repetitions, and the

apparently circular arguments. These works, like maps, like library systems, like charts, suggest that there is a key to understanding, but they also yield the thrill of being forever enigmatic and inconclusive.

—Barbara A. MacAdam



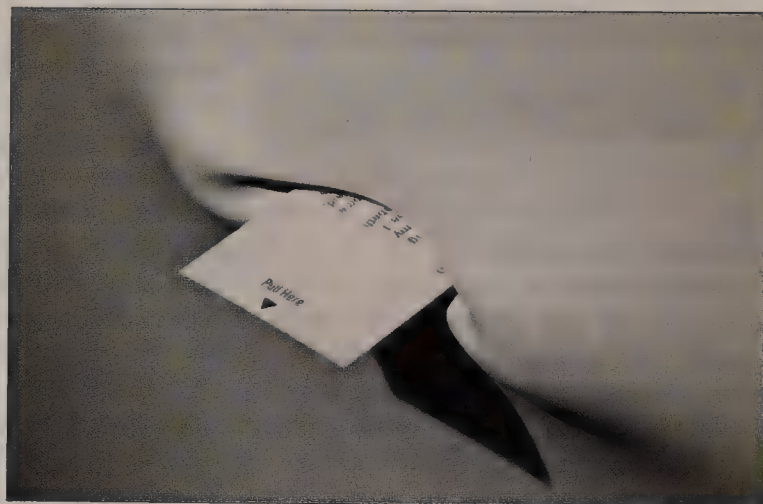
Valerie Jaudon, *Archive*, 2012, oil on canvas, 54" x 72". Von Lintel.

UP NOW

'The Art of Scent 1889–2012'

Museum of Arts and Design
Through February 24

Perfume has been around since at least the time of the ancient Egyptians, but the production of scents was mastered with the introduction of molecular synthetic elements in the late 19th century. This interactive and intriguing exhibition traces the history of industrially designed



Mod Wall for the scent Trésor, installation view. Museum of Arts and Design.

perfumes from the invention of Aimé Guerlain's Jicky in 1889 to the brand's more abrasive untitled concoction from 2010.

The goal of this show, according to curator Chandler Burr, is to validate perfumery as an art, which can be appreciated and understood in circumstances quite different from those of sniffing cards or being spritzed at department-store cosmetics counters.

Here, each scent is presented in its purest form—without a bottle or packaging—in a minimalist setting created by architectural firm Diller Scofidio + Renfro. The viewer enters an entirely white space featuring indentations, or niches, in the wall, which serve as sniffing stations; product descriptions are projected onto the wall beside each opening. As the scent-delivery system electronically senses a visitor, a puff of water-based scent is emitted, offering a private olfactory experience without subjecting audiences to a dissonant shower of aromas.

The exhibition ostensibly demonstrates the originality of each scent, such as

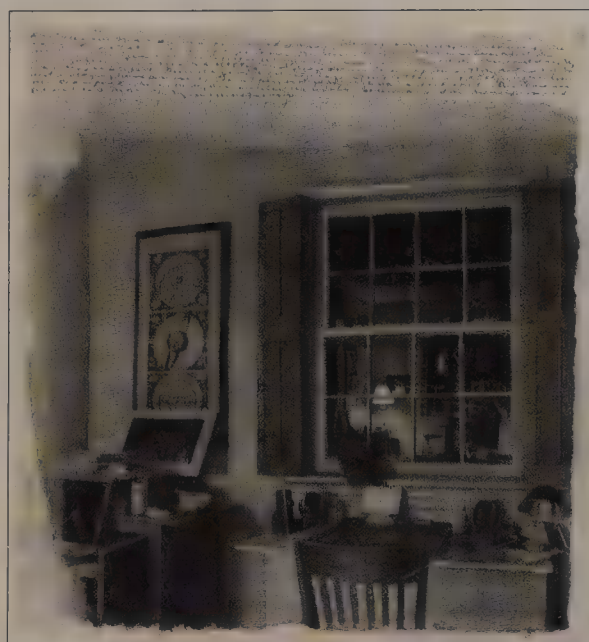
Ernest Beaux's 1921 innovation of combining floral scents with aldehydes to create the classic Chanel No. 5. But for many, the perfumes will conjure much more personal associations, ranging from experimentations with their mothers' Clinique Aromatics Elixir (1971) to bad boyfriends who doused themselves in L'Oreal's Drakkar Noir (1982). Such recollections go far toward affirming perfume's power as an art form, capable of eliciting and conveying deep-seated emotions. It might have been useful as well for the show to include examples of the advertising and marketing that enabled these delicate, ephemeral creations to blossom into a \$10 billion industry.

—Barbara Pollack

Charles Ritchie

BravinLee programs

Charles Ritchie has been painting and drawing the same subjects for decades: his studio, the view through the window, houses seen from the street at night. Rarely, he himself appears, as a shadowy silhouette seen from behind. The details of his domestic interiors—the furniture, the books and potted plants, the computer on the desk—are meticulously rendered, but Ritchie's rooms are anything but straightforward. They are ambiguous spaces—shadowy, smudged, streaked with reflections in windows and mirrors. In the so-called self-portraits, mirrors and reflections dematerialize the space:



Charles Ritchie, *Studio Corner*, 2010–12, watercolor, graphite, and pen and ink on dark-manner aquatint on heavyweight Rives BFK paper, 15" x 10 1/2". BravinLee programs.

you can't tell whether you're inside or outside, whether the walls are solid or the ceiling is the sky. Interior and exterior are merged.

The show also offered a selection of Ritchie's marvelous journals, little books that seem to have been preserved from an earlier century. Their pages are covered with pencil and watercolor sketches, sometimes accompanied by tiny, indecipherable writing.

The writing is like a secret code. In two drawings, pale lines of text crawl over the entire surface from edge to edge. The almost unreadable image of trees underneath is a flat, tapestry-like pattern, but the lines of text appear strangely three-dimensional. You know you won't be able to read them, but you keep trying.

Ritchie is a curator in the department of modern prints and drawings at the National Gallery of Art. In interviews, he has talked about Wallace Stevens, and he borrowed a phrase from Stevens for the title of an earlier exhibition: "Dust and Shade." Dust, Ritchie says, is the drawing medium, and looking at his powdery,

smudgy grays and blacks, you see how apt the metaphor is. The images emerge from the dust of charcoal or graphite; they are illuminated by lamp- or streetlight and at the same time concealed by the shadows of Ritchie's world.

—Sylvia Hochfield

O Zhang

Vilcek Foundation

In Chinese artist O Zhang's recent photographs, collectively titled "I Am Your Mirror," the wind-whipped faces of blank billboards stationed across the varied terrain of the United States assert a weighty silence. Devoid of advertising, except for the occasional "For Rent" sign, the billboards' surfaces offer a chilling vision of failed entrepreneurship—that



O Zhang, *I Am Your Mirror, 1 (Brooklyn, New York)*, 2010, archival pigment-based ink on presentation paper, wood, and aluminum, 114" x 142" x 52". Vilcek Foundation.

hallmark of American individualism—and evoke a landscape of bankrupt dreams and economic ruin.

The show was a product of four road trips taken by the 38-year-old artist between 2010 and 2012, incorporating framed photographs, collaged gel transfers on board, and heaps of torn office-paper prints strewn about the gallery floor. Anchoring the installation was a freestanding billboard titled *I Am Your Mirror, 1 (Brooklyn, New York)*, 2010, positioned in the center of the room like a sentinel. Constructed by O Zhang from repurposed local wood, its scarified back—peeled, chipped, and sullied by graffiti—offers a striking contrast to the message scrawled across its scuffed, leathery facade: "It's Your Heart Rambo: Bless Yourself."

As promised by the title of the series, the photographed structures seem to reflect their environments, towering over desolate stretches of sun-cooked sand or tumbleweed. *I Am Your Mirror, 5 (Colton, California)*, 2012, pictures a lone platform shot against a rippling mountain range. As if spotlighted, the billboard's face, as cracked and wrinkled as weathered skin, is bathed in the falling pink of dusk. Other photographs, such as *I Am Your Mirror, 8 (Alpine, Texas)*, 2012, are starkly metaphorical. Isolated in a field of dry grass, the structure's canvas has been torn away, revealing a bare wooden frame through which we glimpse infinite nothingness.

Historically, these commercial message boards have been defined by industry's incessant noise, obsessive self-promotion, and propaganda. Their reticence in O Zhang's photographs speaks, quietly, to a new reality.

—Emily Nathan

UP NOW

'Inside Out and From the Ground Up'

**Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland
Cleveland
Through February 24**



Designed by Farshid Moussavi, the structure is encased in reflective black stainless-steel panels.

The Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland's new building is both the container for and the subject of this visually juicy inaugural exhibition, "Inside Out and From the Ground Up," which was organized to mark the structure's opening last fall. For the show, chief curator David Norr assembled works by 16 international artists that explore how architecture and urban spaces are conceived and constructed, and how they influence behavior, not to mention the display of works of art.

A non-collecting institution, MOCA Cleveland was founded in 1968 as the

New Gallery. It occupied four different rented spaces over the years before raising \$27.2 million for its now permanent 34,000-square-foot home, located in a cultural district near Case Western Reserve University and the Cleveland Museum of Art. The four-story building marks the U.S. debut for London architect Farshid Moussavi, and is her first museum. Encased in reflective black stainless-steel panels, it rises from a hexagonal base to a four-sided roof, producing facades with triangular or trapezoidal facets.

The checklist for "Inside Out" includes works by established figures such as Louise Bourgeois, Gordon Matta-Clark, Rachel Whiteread, and David Hammons. Los Angeles-based British artist Walead Beshty created a pair of luminous works by projecting bands of colored light on sheets of photographic paper—a pictorial demonstration of the ways that objects respond to their environments. A selection of colorful collages by New York

projecting bands of colored light on sheets of photographic paper—a pictorial demonstration of the ways that objects respond to their environments. A selection of colorful collages by New York

Henrique Oliveira, *Carambóximo*, 2012, mixed media, dimensions variable, installation view.



artist William Villalongo depicts aboriginal women building houses in jungle clearings using paintings for rooftops, suggesting that art can structure identity.

Three artists were commissioned to make works that react directly to Moussavi's architecture. Berlin-based Katharina Grosse chose to connect the high, narrowly proportioned lobby to the museum's main gallery on the fourth floor with a soaring painting that she made by using a bucket lift. Covering the lobby walls and elevator tower with broad clouds of purple and orange, the work was surely intended to draw a distinction between pictorial and architectural space, but it comes off primarily as decorative.

Carambóximo, Brazilian artist Henrique Oliveira's sculptural installation, resembles a colossal piece of rotting fruit that bursts from a gallery wall. Sheathed in cheap plywood scavenged from São Paulo construction sites, the sculpture has a cave-like interior lined with patches of rubber and rusty metal that the artist collected in Cleveland junkyards. With its post-apocalyptic flavor of entropy and decay, the work raises questions about the future of cities, if not the cultural ambitions of a museum such as MOCA.

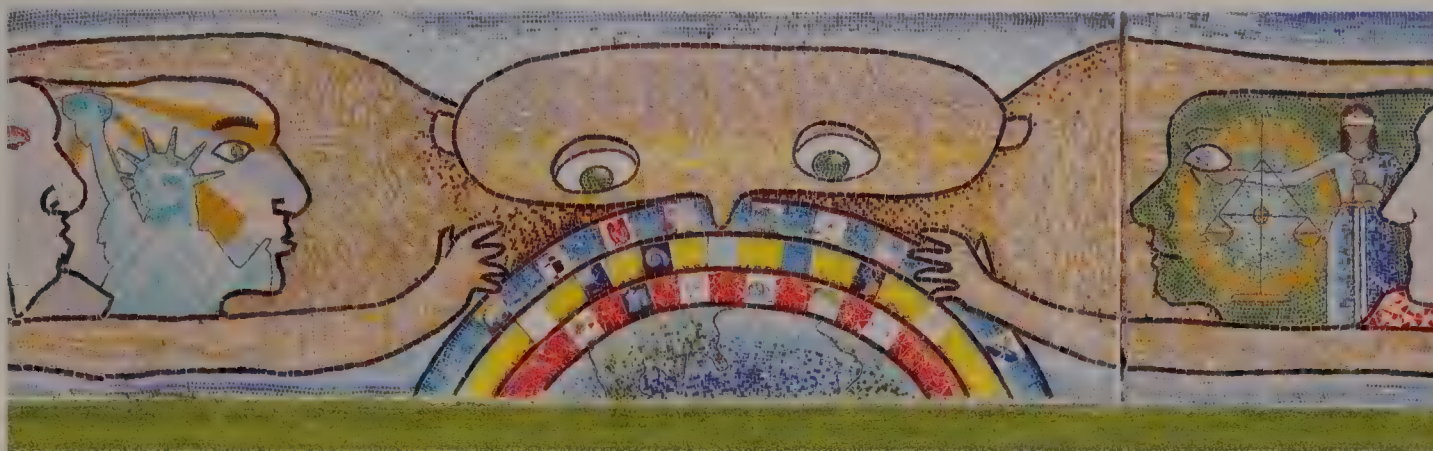
Cleveland photographer Barry Underwood shot the MOCA building at night while it was under construction, producing a suite of four vibrant photographs in which colored lights transform the structure into a magical, chaotic, neon-hued wonderland. In contrast to Underwood's photos, the finished museum is far more subdued, implying that the process is sometimes more exciting than the finished product.

For the exhibition, Canadian-born artist David Altmejd also created a "site-responsive" sculpture titled *The Orbit*, a large Plexiglas vitrine filled with shattered glass, severed werewolf hands squeezing cherries onto trays of red goop, and cascades of yellow thread. The work's stomach-churning contrast of horror and polished surfaces conveys conflicting emotions about our high-tech contemporary world, and perhaps offers a critique of Moussavi's crystalline design for the new museum. —Steven Litt

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UP NOW

'Dancing around the Bride'

Philadelphia Museum of Art
Philadelphia

Through January 21

Walking through the simultaneously encyclopedic and kinetic exhibition "Dancing around the Bride," which pairs the enigmatic works of Marcel Duchamp with the art of Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, John Cage's music, and Merce Cunningham's choreography, you might wonder what art would look like today if Duchamp had never mounted a bicycle wheel on a stool. At the same time, the show's more than 80 objects, stage sets, musical compositions, videos, and live performances demonstrate that his heirs in avant-gardism would have created the idiosyncratic and groundbreaking work they did even without his example.

The five artists in the show—whose title refers to Duchamp's 1915–23 masterpiece, *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* (*The Large Glass*)—came together in New York at a pivotal time, the late 1950s. Abstract Expressionism, the last movement to celebrate painting, was about to be supplanted by Pop art, and the line between art and life was becoming increasingly faint. The exhibition's installation is by turns fluid, syncopated, and dissonant, as if to suggest an ongoing dialogue between its artists that extends into the present, and curator Carlos Basualdo has orchestrated numerous brilliant pairings. In one room,

Duchamp's 1959 *Torture-Morte*, a wooden box containing a painted plaster cast of a sole of a foot covered by synthetic flies, is exhibited alongside Johns's *Memory Piece* (Frank O'Hara), 1961–70, a wooden file box of drawers with a Sculp-metal sole of a foot in its lid.

Ultimately, the exhibition includes so many major works by the younger artists—not least among them, Rauschenberg's 1959 combine *Bride's Folly* and Johns's seminal *Painted Bronze* (1960)—that Duchamp is never the obvious star. Instead, he often seems a background figure, though his presence is constant.

—Edith Newhall

UP NOW

'Destroy the Picture'

Museum of Contemporary Art
Los Angeles

Through January 14

For his final exhibition at the museum where he served as chief curator for 22 years, Paul Schimmel has produced a wrenching testament to creative regeneration. Subtitled "Painting the Void: 1949–1962," it's a painfully beautiful, stunningly revisionist show of 110 works by 25 artists who reacted to the devastation of World War II by savaging old ways

of making art and creating something new from the rubble. Together, they constitute a chapter of art history that has been swept aside in standard accounts of the march from Abstract Expressionism to Pop art.

Some artists in the show were brought together by a spontaneous combustion of

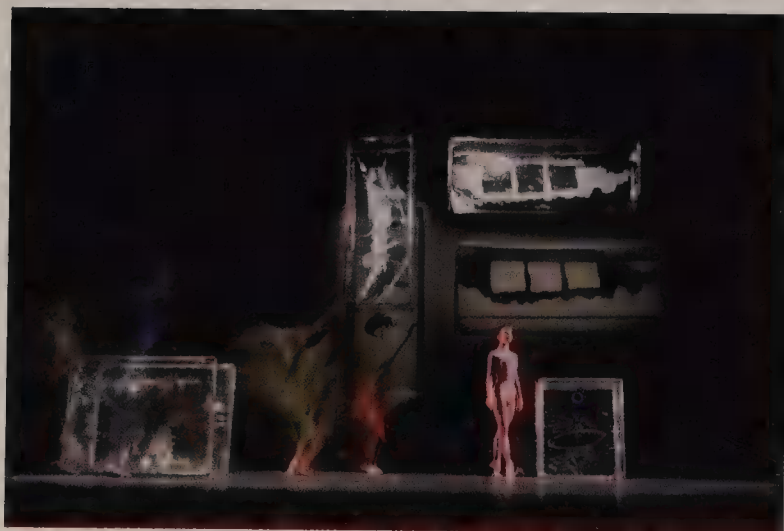
sorts: both Italian painter Lucio Fontana and Japanese artist Shozo Shimamoto, for example, started slashing and perforating their respective canvases in the late 1940s and early '50s, with no knowledge of each other's work. Elsewhere in the show, the connections between practices are clear. Several Americans, including Robert Rauschenberg, Lee Bontecou, and Salvatore Scarpitta, were profoundly affected in their formative years by the work of Alberto Burri, an Italian physician who was pressured into military service, and only became an artist after the war.

Burri dealt with his shattering experiences by patching together remnants of distressed burlap sacks in striking wall pieces that chillingly evoke the aftermath of torture. An untitled 1952–53 work by Rauschenberg, made of similarly basic materials—oil and newspaper on canvas—is a shimmering, shaggy black wonder that defies its fragile state of existence with stately elegance. Another high point of the show is a powerful line-up of five large, welded-steel and canvas constructions made by Lee Bontecou between 1959 and 1962. Strangely compelling, these charred, mechanistic voids evoke fear and dread as they draw viewers into an emotional confrontation with the horror of man-made violence.

—Suzanne Muchnic



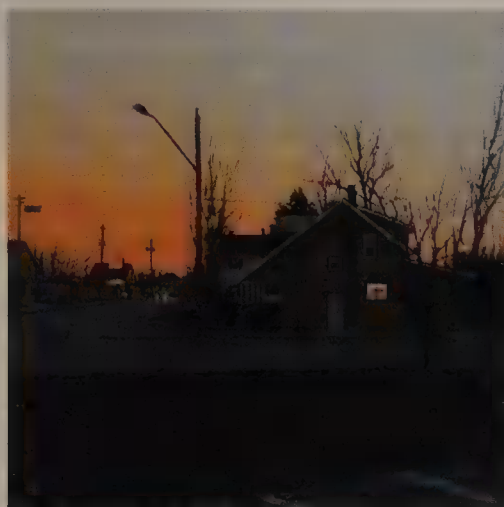
Salvatore Scarpitta, *Racer's Pillow*, 1963, canvas and wood with resin, 60" x 48". Museum of Contemporary Art.



Merce Cunningham and Jasper Johns, *Walkaround Time*, 1968, mixed media, dimensions variable, performance view. Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Linden Frederick

Forum Gallery
Los Angeles



Linden Frederick, *Fast Food*, 2012, oil on panel, 6" x 6". Forum Gallery.

In this intimate exhibition of 23 small paintings, Maine artist Linden Frederick cast a tenderly observant eye on the non-descript homes, motels, diners, and desolate railroad crossings near his hometown of Belfast. Depicted mostly at night or dusk, these unassuming structures sit quietly under expansive skies that are punctuated by a lonely moon or faintly speckled with stars. Catching the last rays of the day or glowing with artificial light from within, the buildings seem to assert the drama of the quotidian—but the works' diminutive size, and Frederick's astute sense of composition, keep them from hackneyed sentimentality.

Frederick does not work from photographs, which might account for the remarkable depth of feeling he is able to draw out of rather ordinary landscapes. The influence of Edward Hopper is evident, particularly in works such as *Short Order* (2011), in which the light from a lonely diner casts a melancholy sheen across a snowy parking lot. Frederick's largely frontal views of buildings that sit stolidly in the center of square panels are also reminiscent of the straightforward industrial images made by New Topographics photographers Bernd and Hilla Becher. *Crib* (2012) presents hay bales stacked inside a wooden structure with diagonal cross bracing, and reveals a compelling abstract geometry. Although the presence of people is always implied in Frederick's paintings, figures are seldom seen in detail, appearing as mere daubs of

color through the plate glass of a Laundromat, or on a TV screen glimpsed through a window.

In all of the works, the warm glow from nighttime windows, the last hazy streaks of light on the horizon, and even the buzz of red taillights evoke the romance of small-town America, while remaining grounded in a present that is deeply and eternally human.

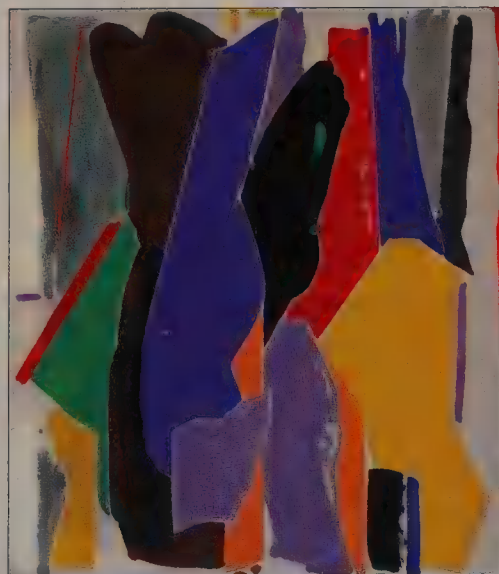
—Sharon Mizota

Jack Roth

McCormick Gallery
Chicago

The late Jack Roth once poured a beer on Franz Kline at New York City's Cedar Tavern, according to Roth's wife. Judging from the appealingly provocative works in "Jack is Back," the artist's recent survey, his life surely yielded spicier anecdotes. While his large-scale Abstract Expressionist and Color Field paintings dominated this exhibition, a selection of erotic collages and assemblages that he created in the 1960s revealed the complexity of his practice.

His early works recall those of Clyfford Still, with whom he studied in San Francisco. But by the 1970s, Roth had swapped oil paint for acrylics, which he applied in thin layers of color separated by narrow strips of bare canvas. Many paintings on view in the show dated from the '80s, after a Guggenheim fellowship enabled the artist—who had been supporting himself as a mathematician—to focus on his art. In his "Rope Dancer" series



Jack Roth, *Rope Dancer #25*, 1980, acrylic on canvas, 54" x 48". McCormick Gallery.

from 1980, which takes the name of a famous Man Ray painting, Roth balances bright and muted colors, and plays delicate lines against bulbous forms.

His abstract paintings contain occasional hints of figuration. In the visually rich *Metafour II* (1980), which evokes a different mentor—Mark Rothko—black-and-white strokes transform deep red, blue, and green color fields into weary eyes. The black forms in *Untitled (triptych)*, 1978, suggest cropped images of bodies. Despite these threads, however, there are no consistent links between Roth's paintings, S&M-themed collages, and light-up vitrines. *Truth* (ca. 1966), a typical example of the latter, features a religious tract placed among chains, leather straps, a reproduction of Raphael's 16th-century painting *La Fornarina*, and a photo of a modern-day beauty in a latex catsuit. Roth's intentions for these works remain unclear, but his cheeky humor makes experiencing them a guilty pleasure.

—Lauren Weinberg

Robert Lostutter

Corbett vs. Dempsey
Chicago

The Chicago Imagist Robert Lostutter is best known for the hybrid man-bird imagery that he began making in the early 1970s. For his recent show "Garden of Opiates," Lostutter transferred his attention from fauna to flora. In each of the exhibition's 14 watercolors and drawings on paper—all of which depict a man with prominent features—vibrant tropical flower petals cap chins, creep over noses, or grow out of mouths.

It is unclear whether the works depict one man or many men, and while their bone structures seem identical, their hairstyles vary. In *Garden of Opiates 1* (2011), two bright green ponytails, bound like shafts of wheat, sprout from an otherwise bald head. The man is represented in profile, and his aquiline nose appears to be morphing into an accumulation of blossoms whose colors range from orchid purple to the red-orange of birds-of-paradise. *Garden of Opiates 6* (2011) shows a man whose head has been shaved halfway back, samurai style, leaving an area of fuzz the color of healthy green grass that evokes an organic skullcap. The shadow of his



Robert Lostutter, *Garden of Opiates 9*, 2012, watercolor on paper, 18" ■ 18". Corbett vs. Dempsey.

beard is suffused with the same hue, and a purple flower petal hangs from his mouth like a wagging tongue.

Installed on the wall next to the watercolor *Flemish Cloth* (2011), which was mirrored in a smaller preparatory graphite sketch, was a poem of the same title ending with the words, "he goes to sleep in a garden of opiates / and dreams once again his dream / of old delft blue." Alluding to the most prized color used by Flemish painters during the Renaissance—delft blue, a pure pigment derived from precious lapis lazuli—the artist declared his affinity with those artists, who were celebrated for representations of classical mythology. Lostutter himself, the poem seems to suggest, is content to create his own myths.

—Ruth Lopez

Rafael Ferrer

Lancaster Museum of Art
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

In her catalogue introduction to this survey of Rafael Ferrer's works on paper, curator Edith Newhall, Philadelphia correspondent for *ARTnews*, describes the "great diversity of mediums and idioms the artist has mastered and orchestrated in the service of a single, identifiable, outlaw voice." Indeed, "Works on Paper, A Survey: 1952–2012" spanned six decades of the New York–based Puerto Rican artist's career with some 150 works, demonstrating both the flexibility and the originality of his output.

The earliest piece on view was a collaged drawing on an album cover that Ferrer made in 1952 at the age of 19. But

even as he expanded his production to incorporate modernist painting, welded-steel sculpture, and, in the 1960s, process art that involved melted ice or dead leaves, Ferrer never abandoned paper as a legitimate medium in itself. Organized to juxtapose related motifs and forms, the exhibition presented examples from various periods on the same walls. *El Sol Esombra* (1990), a Gauguin-esque landscape with a sizzling pink and yellow house dappled with sienna-hued tree shadows, was contrasted with crayon-colored representations of maps, a painting of a big black hen, and painted studies of Japanese prints.

In his frequent allusions to Marcel Duchamp's 1913 *Bicycle Wheel*, Ferrer seems to suggest that life and art are balancing acts, while his frequent appropriation of print and use of language



Rafael Ferrer, *El Sol Esombra*, 1990, monotype, 35¼" ■ 42¼". Lancaster Museum of Art.

throughout indicates his appreciation of words' power and ambiguity. In *Define Yourself* (2002), he tellingly prints, "ARE YOU THE SON OF SAM (BECKETT), THE SON OF MAN (RAY)...?" A lively group of whimsical face drawings, *Untitled selected faces* (1972–2012), is executed on paper bags; the diversity of styles evident in this playful, compact installation mirrors the surprising range of Ferrer's art.

—Robin Rice

Cecelia Condit

Madison Museum of Contemporary Art
Madison, Wisconsin

In this exhibition of recent videos and large-scale photographs, all from 2012, Cecelia Condit used lyrical imagery to create fairy-tale narratives about the re-

lationship between humans and the universe. Employing shifts in scale and setting her work in strange, otherworldly landscapes, Condit seems to suggest that people are both powerful and helpless in the face of nature.

Within a Stone's Throw, a three-channel video projected on a wide museum wall like a shimmering triptych, transported viewers to the once-fertile stretches of Ireland's Burren Coast, where ancient boulders now guard the bleak shoreline, vines tangle within crumbling castle walls, and time seems to fluctuate. In the video, Condit portrays a nimble innocent who scrambles up and down the region's limestone hillsides, gathering stones in her billowing skirt. When she throws a pebble, it whizzes through the skies, appears to circle the planet, and returns, miraculously, to her lap.

Despite the environment's visible erosion, its enduring vibrancy rebounds at the very end of the video, when delicate wildflowers poke up through the rocks. Another short video, *World*, depicts the cosmos in turmoil, finally restored to order by a serene being. The work was installed in a window facing the sidewalk in order to be visible and audible to passersby, and its striking visuals and nature sounds spilled out onto the city streets.

Condit's recent foray into digital photography reveals a darker, more sobering vision than the lighthearted whimsy of her videos. In the largest of seven photographic composites of Lake Michigan, pebbles and bits of shell look like rough gems strewn around a jagged shard of concrete, while tires and carcasses of wood half-submerged in shallow water convey a corrupting human presence.

—Ann Jarmusch



Cecelia Condit, *Within a Stone's Throw*, 2012, still from three-channel video projection. Madison Museum of Contemporary Art.

UP NOW

Anselm Kiefer

Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac Pantin

Through January 27

Gagosian Le Bourget

Through January 26

Paris

For sheer, over-the-top bigness, it would be hard to beat this pair of simultaneous Anselm Kiefer exhibitions in the Paris suburbs. Inaugurating the extravagant new mega-galleries of two leading international dealers, these shows offer up monumental installations of almost ridiculous proportions. While such gestures might seem ostentatious, or even grotesque, both presentations are undeniably powerful.

For Austrian dealer Thaddaeus Ropac's elegantly refurbished Pantin space in an early-20th-century boiler works, Kiefer has filled several luminous exhibition halls with "Die Ungeborenen" (The Unborn). This recent ensemble of some 40 gigantic sculptures and paintings, many created specifically for the site, evokes figures and events from ancient Greek, Jewish, Christian, and folk mythologies that explore the creation and destruction of life. Large canvases thrust the viewer into ravaged fields or swirling vortexes churning with dense layers of

Anselm Kiefer, *Morgenthau Plan*, 2012, steel, sand, cotton, plaster, fabric, clay, acrylic, shellac, gold leaf, terracotta, stone, and lead, installation view. Gagosian.



pasty gray, yellow ochre, black, and pale green that suggest roiled biblical oceans or primeval seas of amniotic fluid.

Kiefer has attached decrepit objects, such as worn-out chairs or a broken airplane wing, to several of their surfaces.

A series of works involve the folkloric subject of the golem—Hebrew for "shapeless mass" or "embryo"—which was described in Jewish legends as a human figure made from clay and brought to life through magic. In the mixed-media painting *Für Rabbi Löw* (2010–12), named after the 16th-century Prague rabbi who created the golem, scales weigh a lump of zinc against a pile of salt in a metaphor for rebirth and

Anselm Kiefer, *Für Rabbi Löw*, 2010–12, oil, emulsion, acrylic, shellac, sediment from a chemical reaction, chalk, iron, charcoal, and sand on canvas, 12' 6" x 18' 4" x 2' 4". Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac.

transformation through the alchemical process. Indeed, Kiefer's imagery offers numerous references to birth and death, hope and devastation. The gray, black, and yellow painting *Mutterkorn* (Ergot), 2011, references a fungus that can be either destructive or beneficial: it is at once a disease that contaminates cereal crops and turns them black, and a medicine used to help women through childbirth.

The artist's second installation occupies Gagosian's newest space, a former warehouse at Le Bourget airport that caters to private jets. Titled *Morgenthau Plan* (2012), it fills most of the simple, Jean Nouvel-designed cube with an enormous field of sculpted golden wheat, enclosed in a 15-foot-high, rusted-steel cage. Crafted individually (and by hand) in steel, plaster, clay, lead, cotton, sand, fabric, shellac, and gold leaf, the stalks relate to the 1944 plan proposed by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, to limit postwar Germany's ability to wage war by transforming it into an agrarian state. The plan was never executed, but it was perversely used as a tool for Nazi propaganda, offering Kiefer a historical subject rich with contradiction that symbolizes hope, corruption, progress, and destruction.

—Laurie Hurwitz

UP NOW

Mika Rottenberg

Galerie Laurent Godin

Paris

Through January 7



Mika Rottenberg, *Sneeze*, 2012, still from single channel video. Galerie Laurent Godin.

This funny and surreal exhibition brings together recent works by Mika Rottenberg, an artist best known for videos featuring women engaged in strange bodily rituals. The show begins with a mesmerizing mixed-media wall installation based on *Seven*, Rottenberg's 2011 collaborative performance with Kinetic sculptor Jon Kessler. Also titled *Seven*, the installation features a cabinet that opens up into three shelved panels—like a sort of mini-laboratory—displaying videos and objects related to the “Chakra Juicer,” a whimsical machine that collects actual sweat from performers and transforms it into a “magical elixir.” Presented in the cabinet among test tubes, a clay bowl, and copper wiring are small video screens that play footage from the initial performance.

In a back room, the artist's energetic, childlike drawings speak further to her obsession with the body. These imaginative works, which Rottenberg made using unconventional parts of her anatomy, resemble kooky Rube Goldberg contraptions or loopy organic architecture.

The most intriguing part of the exhibition is *Sneeze* (2012), an absurd video inspired by a five-second Kinetoscopic film from 1894 titled *Fred Ott's Sneeze*. Made by Thomas Edison, the original study shows a man sneezing after taking a pinch of snuff, and was one of the first motion pictures ever produced. In Rottenberg's comical version, a succession of barefoot men in business suits with painted toenails shoot out small live rabbits, lightbulbs, or hunks of raw meat from their swollen, red noses. The presentation is austere, the images are closely

cropped, and the sounds—powerful sneezes, heavy breathing, and nervously tapping toes—are exaggerated. In this way, Rottenberg invites the viewers' nervous laughter as she persists in depicting the body as an amusing, even magical entity that is capable of producing extraordinary things.

—Laurie Hurwitz

UP NOW

Edgar Degas

Fondation Beyeler

Rasol

Through January 27

The first exhibition devoted exclusively to the late work of Edgar Degas tracks the artist's withdrawal from the arena of Impressionism and his transition to the vanguard of modernism. In addition to



Edgar Degas, *Jockey blessé (The Fallen Jockey)*, ca. 1896–98, oil on canvas, 71" x 59". Fondation Beyeler.

paintings, his massive output includes thousands of drawings and pastels, experimentation with printing techniques and photography, and sculptures (which established him as one of the most important artists of the modern era), all mediums that figure into this landmark show of some 150 works.

The show begins in 1886, the year of the final exhibition for the so-called Impressionists, when Degas began to abandon the picturesque delicacy of his earlier work for a new independent style. His paintings and pastels of ballet dancers tend to focus more on “back-stage” views, picturing the dancers before and after a performance rather than

in movement. Rhythmic portrayals such as *Trois danseuses à la classe de danse* (1888–90) offer a choreography of limbs as compelling as dance itself. Prominent space is also given to another recurring theme: intimate scenes of women bathing, drying themselves, or combing their hair, a marked departure from the period's idealized representations of female nudes.

The strong yet nuanced blending of colors in Degas's late work, including *Femme s'essuyant des cheveux* (1900–5), verges on abstraction. And his frequent depiction of horses and riders is exemplified by the exhibition's grand finale, the monumental *Jockey blessé* (The Fallen Jockey), 1896–98, which also expresses his ongoing exploration of death and mortality. Executed in oil, pastel, charcoal, and mixed media, Degas's art exhibits unconventional poses, asymmetrical compositions, and what the artist once called “orgies of color,” which attest to his status as a masterful maverick.

—Mary Krienke

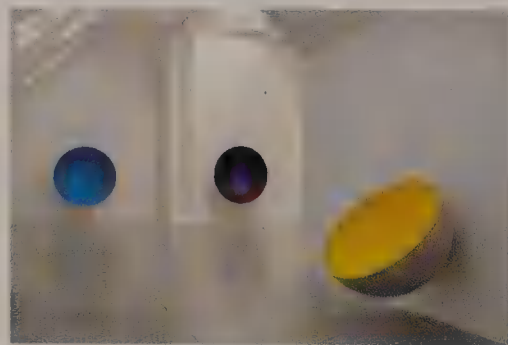
Anish Kapoor

Lisson Gallery

London

In various eye-catching ways, Anish Kapoor creates space and terrain, burrowing on the one hand and conjuring up apparent infinities on the other, always playing the tactile against the untouchable and inscrutable. In this large show of the artist's new works, familiar thrills abounded, such as his wall-mounted fiberglass dishes. They are meant to be stared into, immersing oneself in saturated red or blue or green or yellow.

Alternatively, one could head for a series of tabletop models—collectively titled “In the Shadow of the Tree and the



Anish Kapoor, *Inner Beauty*, 74" x 74" x 30" (left), *Two Blues*, 74" x 74" x 30" (center), and *Shine*, 50" x 55" x 55" (right), all 2012, fiberglass and paint, installation view. Lisson Gallery.

Knot of the Earth"—that involve vaguely organic bumps and lumps coated with earth, evoking the sort of landscape features visited routinely by the Mars rover.

Kapoor is a great one for contrived wonderment. His smaller work demands faith in the possibilities he presents—a viewer must imagine exploring these growths if they were as big and as remote as Uluru, say, in central Australia. But Kapoor also presents objects that tantalize, such as monoliths in rough cement or glistening resin and marble dust. These are pitted and gouged, kneaded or seemingly eroded, and their presence is all the stronger for standing out from the rest.

For the artist whose ArcelorMittal Orbit tower, designed as a landmark for the Olympic Park in East London, has been widely castigated as a product of compromise verging on an eyesore, what better way forward than to produce disembodied sounds in dedicated spaces? *Intersection* (2012) is a gigantic peanut-shell shape in Cor-Ten steel, through which a deep tone hums. The sound piece *Anxious* (2012) is a room (it could be anywhere) in which the listener slowly becomes aware of a note almost too low to be heard. Kapoor's methods for stirring our awareness have never been more subtly employed.

—William Feaver

Kiki Kogelnik

Kunstverein Hamburg
Hamburg

This exhibition of 90 striking collages, sculptures, sketches, and paintings from the early 1960s through the '70s highlighted the late Austrian artist Kiki Kogelnik's production-intensive first 15 years in the United States. The lower portion of the gallery's walls and pillars were covered with silver foil, blending gallery-goers' movements into fragmented reflections of Kogelnik's art and encouraging interaction with the work.

The provocative painting *Heavy Clouds Over the Cuba Crisis* (1963) was dominated by a large red swastika thickly layered over dark, billowing clouds. Below the symbol, an orange grid hinted at the structure of a city, while the shadowy form of a submarine occupied a patch of teal pigment. Placed in front of the painting, a life-size 1964 sculpture of a multicolored bomb, *Untitled (Bomb)*, gave this corner a forebod-

ing, confrontational air.

Kogelnik's use of vibrant colors and repeated motifs such as weapons, robots, spaceships, skeletons, and circles reveals her fascination with technological development and space exploration. Often these images are jumbled with disembodied, gender-neutral body parts. Far from coming together in macabre compositions, however, the arms, hands, and legs tenderly caress or



Kiki Kogelnik, *Untitled (Killer)*, ca. 1964, collage, colored pencil, ink and acrylic on paper, 11" x 13 3/4".
Kunstverein Hamburg.

reach toward each other.

In one of the most compelling works of the exhibition, *Fly Me to the Moon* (1963), a handful of small, multicolored circles form a hexagon in the painting's lower left, while the rest of the canvas is covered in larger silver spheres. Geometric shapes tumble down toward the hexagon as two bodies rendered in green and red soar through the painting's right side. In this show (and throughout Kogelnik's work), the dramatic juxtaposition of suspended reality and realism provokes stirring, if complex sentiments of reverie and trepidation.

—Alicia Reuter

Milan Mölzer

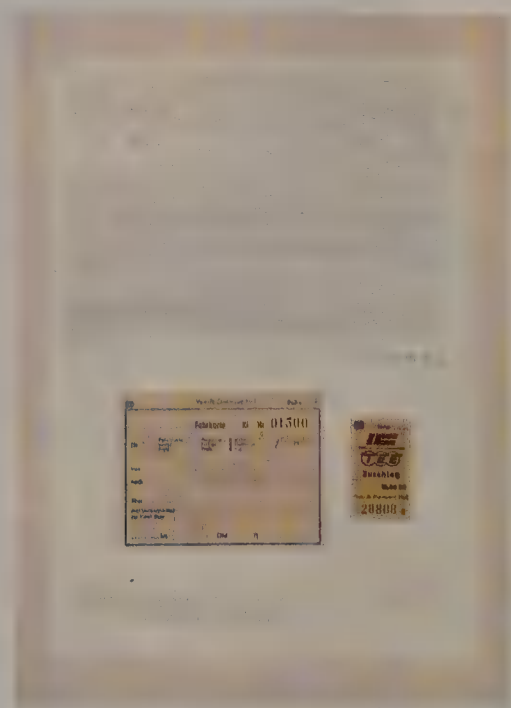
Zdeněk Sklenář
Prague

Uniting 26 reliefs, cut photographs, and drawings made between 1973 and 1976, this handsome exhibition brought the achievements of Czech-born artist Milan Mölzer, who was trained as a typesetter and actor, out of the darkness. When Warsaw Pact troops rolled into Prague in August of 1968 and extinguished the hope of the Prague Spring, Mölzer fled the country with his family and entered the Kunstakademie Düsseldorf in Ger-

many. He rapidly developed a distinct personal style that drew the attention of collectors and critics alike until his unexpected suicide in 1978. After that, he became an unknown Czech artist in Germany, as well as an unknown émigré artist in his native Prague—but this show reaffirmed the profound originality and timeless clarity of his vision.

In Mölzer's most characteristic works, he layered sheets of differently colored paper in which he incised fine lines, turning the surfaces into elegant, minimalist reliefs. These rhythmic compositions have certain parallels with the work of local Zero artists who were influential at the time on the German art scene. But Mölzer's idiom is more introspective than theirs, an abstract equivalent for the gestural language he developed while working as an actor at Prague's celebrated Black Theater, and all of his work is tinged with melancholy.

In addition to the cut-paper works, "The Brief Journey of Milan Mölzer" also presented a number of more private, diary-like travel drawings, for which the artist allowed the swaying of the car to guide his pencil across sheets of paper as records of his journey. In one of these untitled works, completed two weeks before his death, the rhythmic pencil lines are interrupted by the words "Der Tod," German for "death." Mölzer's was indeed a brief but brilliant journey. —David Galloway



Milan Mölzer, *Travel record of a train trip from Cologne to Mainz, June 21, 1975, 7:15-8:58 a.m.*, pencil drawing on posterboard, train ticket on paper, 12" x 8". Zdeněk Sklenář.

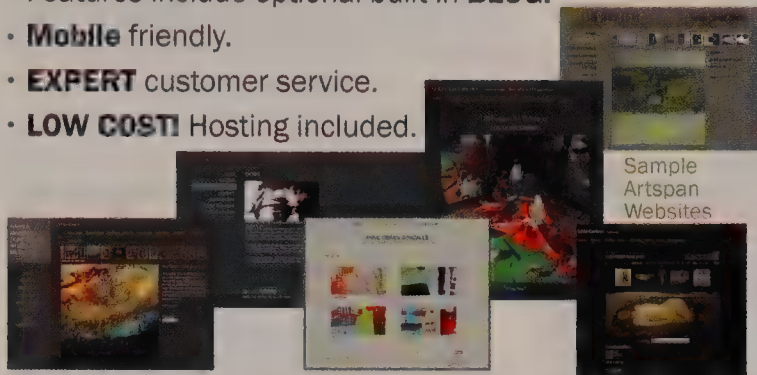
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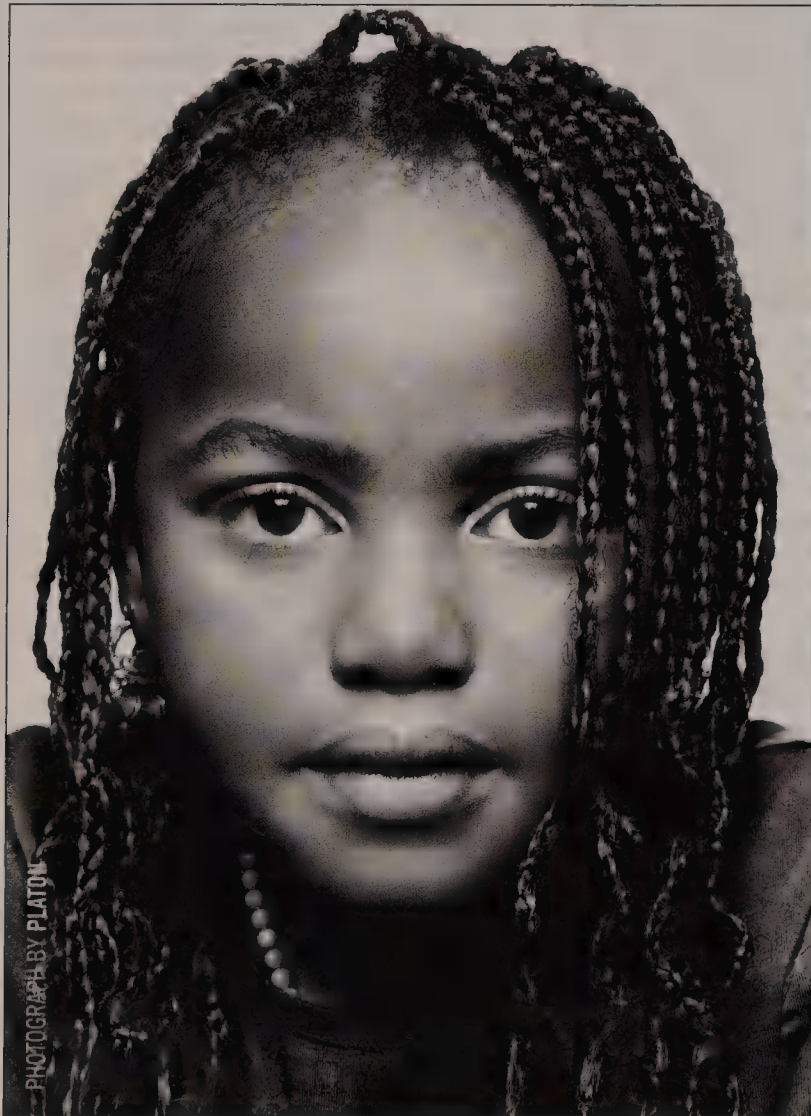


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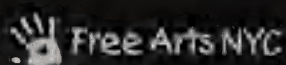
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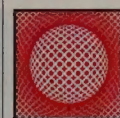
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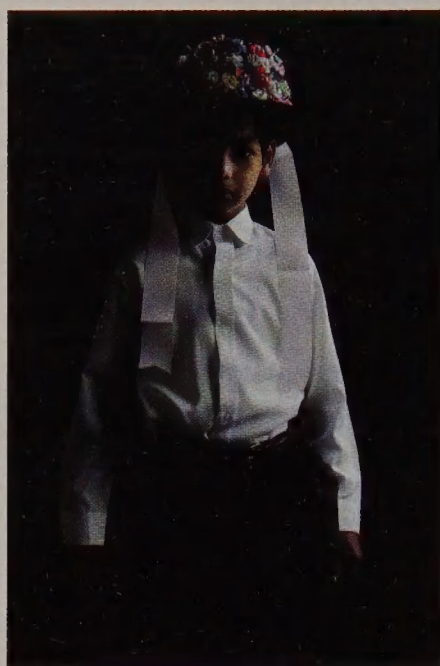
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Untitled photographs from three of the artist's recent series, "Settimana Santa" (left), "Kirchweih" (center), and "Winter Rituals" (right).

Berlin-based photographer and filmmaker Iwajla Klinke recently traveled 20 hours by bus to reach a small community in Sicily on Easter Sunday morning. By the time she found the subject she wanted to capture, a young boy dressed as an angel for an important holiday ceremony, less than a minute remained to fasten a piece of cloth to the vestry door and photograph him. Indeed, the elegant serenity of Klinke's compositions belies the haphazard circumstances that often surround their production, as the artist's commitment to depicting diverse people and locations takes her on far-flung adventures to remote Carpathian villages or Germany's Black Forest.

For these stunning, three-quarter portraits of children in traditional garments that are often many generations old—an ongoing project referred to as the "Ritual Memories" series—Klinke works within the real-time context of actual rituals. Nothing is staged or reenacted, and there is no posing or extra dressing-up, which she feels would undermine the authenticity she seeks. That said, she rejects the suggestion that her images could be classified as anthropological studies, although they might operate as such for viewers.

Klinke, who is 36, grew up in East Germany, where her mother's family moved after World War II; her father, a Bulgarian opera singer, died when she was only six years old. "I had no religious upbringing," the artist explains, "but I was fascinated by religious rituals, especially those involving children. They always seemed to have something to do with the conquering of death." Her interest was deepened by her discovery of Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, a comparative study of mythology and religion. Klinke attended the Free University of Berlin, where she studied political history and art, as well as Arabic and Hebrew studies, and she has been based in the city's rough, multicultural Kreuzberg district for more than a decade.



Iwajla Klinke.

It was during an exchange year in Gaza, while cutting and editing short sequences for television news reports, that the artist became aware of the power of the single image. Back in Berlin, enthralled by subjects covered in tattoos that read like "magic texts," as she calls them, she picked up a camera and began shooting interesting figures she encountered in local parks and bars. Many of Klinke's photographs feature young people clothed only in scraps of antique lace, necklaces of paper doilies or dead white mice, or epaulets of dripping candles. The dark neutral backgrounds and natural lighting create sepia-like effects strikingly reminiscent of Vermeer paintings. Created as limited editions, her works are offered in groups of five 60-by-80-centimeter prints for €1,100, four 90-by-120-centimeter prints for €1,800, or three 111-by-150-centimeter prints for €2,500.

Klinke's trademark works, however, are those stunning portraits of traditionally dressed youths, in which a special relationship between artist and subject is palpable, despite the speed a sitting may demand. This comes as no surprise to the artist. "I'm in love with the children," she remarks. "You have to be in love."

—David Galloway

David Galloway is the Wuppertal correspondent for ARTnews.



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